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1848

THE JESUITS.

BY

MM. MICHELET Jules AND QUINET,

OF THE COLLEGE OF FRANCE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SEVENTH EDITION,

WITH THE APPROBATION OF THE AUTHORS,

BY

C. COCKS, B.L.

Professor of the Living Languages in the Royal Colleges of France;

TRANSLATOR OF

"PRIESTS, WOMEN, AND FAMILIES," "THE PEOPLE,"
"ANTONIO PEREZ AND PHILIP II.," ETC., ETC.

FOURTH EDITION.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR

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LONDON:
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New-street-Square.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE success of my original translations of Mr. Michelet's works having given rise to several others, I beg to state that my translations of *Priests, Women, and Families*, and *The People*, published by Messrs. Longman and Co., have alone received the approbation of the Author.

I also take this opportunity of expressing my gratitude to Messrs. Michelet and Quinet for the many kind and flattering letters with which they have honoured me on several occasions, as well as for the following one, on the subject of my present undertaking:

"MONSIEUR,

"Dans le moment ou Rome se vante de conquérir votre île, vous croyez convenable de traduire l'ouvrage que M. Michelet et moi nous avons publié sous le titre *Des Jésuites*. Je ne sais quel sera, à cet égard, l'avis de vos compatriotes. Ce qu'il y a de certain, c'est que nous avons combattu, dans l'institution renouvelée de Loyola, une machine dirigée non pas seulement contre la France, mais contre l'esprit de la civilisation au dix-neuvième siècle. D'ailleurs, le Jésuitisme, dans sa profondeur, est un système qui peut se retrouver, sous d'autres noms, dans toutes sortes de formes, et dans la vie politique aussi bien que dans la vie religieuse. C'est la fraude universelle, opposée à la vérité universelle. * * * * *

"Recevez, Monsieur, l'expression de mes sentiments reconnaissants et dévoués.

"E. QUINET.

"11 Avril, 1846.

"C. Cocks, Bordeaux."

NOTICE

BY THE (FRENCH) PUBLISHERS.

No book was ever more successful. It was first printed in the octavo, and afterwards in the octodecimo form. The former and six editions of the latter have been exhausted in the space of eight months, in spite of foreign spurious editions. This work has also been translated into almost every language.

Excepting a few corrections in the text and some additional notes, this seventh edition is entirely in accordance with the preceding ones.

The reader remembers under what circumstances this work was published. The two Authors, united by the double ties of friendship and ideas, are both professors in the college of France. Their lectures were interrupted, in the spring of 1843, by noisy protestations which threatened to outrage decency. They were explaining the spirit and influence of the different religious orders. They had treated of the Order of the Templars, and were lecturing on the Society of Jesus, its constitution, its origin, and the part it had played in the past and which it is still playing in human affairs. Their opponents wished to impose silence upon them; but both professors gained the day against such illiberal violence. They had a right to speak according to their consciences, and they spoke.

The volume they have published is therefore a summary of their lectures, accompanied with new documents. They have given the very text of the lessons which excited so much disturbance.

This book was not a work of aggression, but one of defence. If it has obtained the uncommon success of being well received by men of directly opposite opinions, it is because the question was particularly one of public morals and loyalty.

Certain members of the clergy have unfortunately wished to identify the cause of the Church with that of Jesuitism. The archbishop of Paris himself had published his opinion on the spirit of this work. One of the Authors, M. Quinet, has answered those observations.

The law relating to public instruction has raised the question. Under the mask of liberty, the most ambitious doctrines have been openly brought forward; but the wholesome opinions of Messrs. Michelet and Quinet, supported by the most eminent deputies, the most distinguished professors of the Sorbonne, and the highest magistrates, must inevitably triumph.

In the course of the last two years, more than two hundred volumes have been published for and against this work of Messrs. Michelet and Quinet. They have the honour of having been the first to unveil the new pretensions of the Jesuits and the perfidious hopes of that ever insatiable order. This book, therefore, is the basis of the serious discussions which are now being debated in our chambers and academies. It retraces their origin, and it ought to find a place in the library of every intelligent man friendly to his country.

In consequence of the untimely intervention of the French clergy, in a struggle to which they were, and ought to have remained strangers, a still more important question has arisen — *Ultramontanism!* Under this title a new work by M. Quinet has just been published*, and has been closely followed by M. Michelet's famous work — Priests, Women, and Families.†

* See my translation of *Ultramontanism.* Chapman, London, 1845.

† See my translation of *Priests, Women, and Families.* Longman and Co., London, 1845.

PREFACE.

THE very nature of things has led the Authors of this book to treat the same subject in their lectures. This coincidence, after happening at first without each other's knowledge, soon became the effect of their very position: later, they agreed together to share the principal questions which the subject presented. The volume they now publish was the result of that free alliance. It seemed proper to unite under one title two parts of one whole, which mutually complete each other, and in which the public saw but one and the same spirit. As to the Authors themselves, they value too highly this union of heart and thought not to have wished in this place to preserve the memory of it.

Paris, July 15. 1843.

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THE JESUITS.

M. MICHELET'S LECTURES.

INTRODUCTION.

WHAT the future has in store for us, God only knows! . . . But I pray to God, if we are to be smitten, that he may smite us with the sword.

Wounds made by the sword are plain and visible; they bleed, and are cured. But what cure is there for those shameful sores which are hidden, grow old, and are ever spreading?

Of such wounds, the most to be feared is the introduction of a spirit of police into the things of God — the spirit of pious intrigue, saintly delation — the spirit of the Jesuits.

May God inflict on us tenfold political and military tyranny, and every kind of tyranny, rather than that such a police should ever defile our France! . . . Tyranny contains thus much good: — it often awakens the national sentiment; it is either crushed, or it crushes itself. But, that sentiment extinct and the gangrene once in your flesh and bones, how will you root it out?

Tyranny is satisfied with the outward man; it constrains only our acts; but this police would reach even our thoughts.

The very habits of the mind gradually changing, the soul, altered in its inmost recesses, would become of a different nature in the long run.

Can a lying and flattering, a trembling and wicked soul, one that despises itself, be still a soul?

A change worse than death itself. Death kills but the body; but the soul killed, what remains?

Death, in killing you, allows you to live in your children. In the other case you would lose both your children and the future.

Jesuitism, a spirit of police and delation, the base habits of the school tell-tale, once transferred from the college and the convent into society at large! . . . What a hideous spectacle! . . A whole nation living like a community of Jesuits, that is to say, all, from the highest

to the lowest, occupied in denouncing one another! Treachery on our very hearth, — the wife a spy over the husband, the child over the mother. No noise, but a sad muttering or whispering of people who confess the sins of others, tormenting and silently back-biting one another.

This is not, as one might fancy, a picture of the imagination. I see, even now, a nation whom the Jesuits are every day sinking one step lower into this hell of eternal filth.

"But is it not wronging France to fear such a danger on her account? For the thousand Jesuits we now have among us* . . ."

Those thousand men have in twelve years effected a prodigy. . . Overthrown and crushed in 1830, they have arisen again, without anybody being aware of it. And not only have they arisen, but while people were inquiring whether there were any Jesuits, they have without difficulty captured our thirty or forty thousand priests, made them lose ground, and are leading them God knows where!

"Are there any Jesuits?" Many a one is putting this question whose wife they are already ruling by one of their own confessors, — wife! — nay, house, table, hearth, bed! . . . To-morrow they will have his child.†

Where, then, is the clergy of France?

Where are all those parties which constituted its life under the Restoration? Extinct, dead, annihilated.

What has become of that small party of Jansenists; small but so vigorous? I look in vain; I find only the tomb of Lanjuinais.

Where is M. de Montlosier? Where are our loyal Gallicans, who wished for harmony between Church and State? Disappeared. They have abandoned the state which had abandoned them. Who would now dare in France to call himself a Gallican, or protest in the name of the church of France?

* According to a person who thinks he is well informed, there are now more than 960 in France; at the outbreak of the revolution of July, there were 423. At that period, they were concentrated in a few houses; at present they are diffused throughout all our dioceses. They are spreading everywhere at this moment. Three have just gone over to Algiers; several to Russia. They have got Mexico and New Grenada to petition the Pope to send them there. Masters of Valais (near Switzerland), they have just seized on Lucerne and the *Petits Cantons*, &c. &c.

† Let it be once for all properly understood, in spite of the eternal reiterations of the Jesuits, who wilfully misunderstand all this, that the question of the liberty of public instruction, and what they call the *monopoly of the University*, has no place here. Not one word will be found in the volume upon that subject. I have several very dear friends in the University, but, since 1838, I have no longer had the honour of belonging to it.

The timid opposition of the Sulpicians (but little Gallican, by-the-by, and who care little about the Four Articles) has expired with M. Frayssinous.

The Sulpicians have confined themselves to the education of priests, to the seminary routine, leaving the world to the Jesuits. Saint Sulpice seems to have been created for the joy of the latter; as long as the priest is brought up there, they have nothing to fear. What can they desire more than a school that teaches nothing and will not have any thing taught? * The Jesuits and Saint Sulpice now live on good terms together: a contract has been tacitly made between *death* and *emptiness*.

What is done in those seminaries, so closely shut up from the law, is scarcely known except by the nullity of the results. What we know also are their books of education, superannuated, rejected as rubbish everywhere else, but ever inflicted on the unfortunate young priests.† How can we wonder if they come out as ignorant of science as of the world? They perceive, at the first step, that they bring with them nothing that they ought to have; the most judicious remain silent. Should an opportunity occur for making an appearance, the Jesuit arrives, or an envoy of the Jesuits; he takes possession of the pulpit; — the priest hides himself.

And yet it is not talent that is wanting, nor heart: but it cannot be helped; every thing is against them.

They perceive this but too plainly, and this feeling contributes still more to depress them even lower than they are. Slighted by the world, ill-treated by their own class, the parish priest (look at him as he walks in the street) sneaks along sadly, often with a timid and bashful mien, giving you the wall of his own accord!

But do you want to see a man? See the Jesuit walk along. Why do I say *a* man? Several in one. His voice is meek, but his step is firm. His gait says, without his speaking, "My name is *legion*." Courage is an easy thing for him who feels he has an army with him to support him, who sees himself defended, urged on, both by that great body of Jesuits and by a whole world of titled

* The archbishop of Paris has engaged them, but in vain, to send their pupils to the lectures of the *Faculté de Théologie*.

† To the great danger of their morality. I must wonder if those young priests, brought up in that casuistry, should preserve a particle of honesty. "But do you not see," says a bishop, "that they are medical books?" There is a part of medicine which is infamous: that which, under pretence of a malady, now forgotten (or even imaginary and physically impossible), defiles both the patient and the doctor. The cynical assurance which they bring to the defence of all that, ought to teach us how necessary it is for the law to watch over those large shut-up houses, where nobody knows what is passing. Certain convents have transformed themselves into houses of correction.

individuals and noble ladies, who, if necessary, would agitate the world for him.

He has made a vow of obedience — to reign; to be a pope with the pope, to have his share in the great kingdom of the Jesuits, diffused throughout all the kingdoms of the earth. He pursues its interest by intimate correspondence, from Belgium to Italy, and from Bavaria to Savoy. The Jesuit lives in Europe, yesterday at Fribourg, to-morrow at Paris; the priest lives in one parish, in the little damp street adjoining the church wall; he resembles but too much the sickly drooping gillyflower which he raises at his window.

Let us see these two men at work. And, first of all, let us see on which side that thoughtful person will turn, who is now crossing the square, and seems to be still hesitating. On the left, is the parish priest; on the right, the house of the Jesuits.

On one side, what will she find? a decent sort of man, a good-hearted man perhaps, under that stiff and awkward form, who is all his life striving to stifle his passions, that is to say, to be more and more ignorant of the things about which people come to consult him. The Jesuit, on the contrary, knows beforehand the matter in question, he divines the precedents, very easily finds extenuating circumstances, arranges the thing in a godly, occasionally, in a worldly way.

The priest bears the Law and the Decalogue, like a weight of lead; he is slow, full of objections and difficulties! You speak to him of your scruples, and he finds still more; your case seems to you bad: he thinks it very bad. Much good you have got by consulting him! It is your own fault. Why do you not rather go to that gawdy coquettish Italian chapel? Though it be rather dismal, be not afraid; enter; you will soon be comforted and speedily relieved. Your case is very trifling; there is a sensible man there to prove it to you. Why did they speak of the Law? The Law may reign yonder; but here is the Kingdom of Grace, here the Sacred Heart of Jesus and Mary. The good Virgin is so kind! *

There is, moreover, a wide difference between the two men. The priest is tied down in several ways, by his church, by local authority; he has a power over him, and is, as it were, a minor. The priest is afraid of his *curé*, and the *curé* of the bishop. The Jesuit is afraid of nothing. His order asks him only for the advancement

* The Jesuit is not only a confessor, but a *director*, and as such, consulted about everything; as such, he thinks he is in no way bound to secrecy; so that twenty directors living together may lay out in common, examine and combine the thousands of souls open to them, and which they see from side to side. Marriages, wills, all the acts of their male and female penitents, may be discussed and prepared in those conventicles!

of the order. The bishop has nothing to say to him. And where shall we find to-day a bishop bold enough to doubt whether the Jesuit be himself the rule and the law?

The bishop is not hurtful, and is very useful. By him they have a hold on the priests; he holds the rod over them: the rod which, handled by a young vicar-general who wants to be made a bishop, will be a rod of iron!

So, priest, take good heed. Woe to you, if you stir. Preach but little, never write; if you dared to write a line!—without any further ceremony, you may be suspended, excommunicated; no explanation; if you were imprudent enough to ask for one, we should say: "An affair of morals." This for a priest is like being drowned with a stone round his neck!

People say there are no longer any serfs in France. There are forty thousand. I advise them to be silent, to swallow their tears, and try to smile.

Many would consent to this silence and vegetate in some corner. But they are not let off so cheap. They must bark, bite, and damn Bossuet from the pulpit.

Some have been seen forced to repeat some sermon or other against a living author whom they had not read. They were set on, let loose, like miserable bull-dogs, at the legs of the astonished passenger, who asked them the reason.

O miserable, anti-christian, anti-human situation! They who set them on are laughing at them. But their generous adversaries, those whom they attack, and whom they fancy their enemies, will mourn for them!

Take any man in the street, the first passer-by, and ask him. "What are the Jesuits?" He will answer without hesitation: "*The counter-revolution.*"

Such is the firm faith of the people; it has never varied, and you will never change it!

If that word, pronounced in the College of France, has surprised some persons, it must be that by dint of intellect, we have lost common sense.

Men of intellect, you who would blush to listen to the popular voice, apply yourselves to science; study, and after ten years devoted to history and the books of the Jesuits, I foretell that you will find in them but one meaning: *The death of Liberty.*

The day that word was spoken, the entire press (an unheard-of

matter!) was of one opinion.* Wherever the press reaches, and lower still, among the masses of the people, that word found an echo.

They could find but this strange answer: "We do not exist." They boasted of it in April; in June, they made it a secret.

What is the use of denying it? Do you not see that nobody will be satisfied with fine speeches? Shout *liberty!* as you will, and swear you are of this or that party. We care little for that. If your heart is Jesuitical, march that way; — it is the road to Fribourg; if you are loyal and pure, come here; — this is France!

In the general decay of parties, in the more or less disinterested coalition of many men of diverse opinions, there seem to be now but two parties remaining, even as there are but two spirits: *The spirit of life and the spirit of death.*

This is a situation of things far more awful and dangerous than of late years, though immediate commotions are less to be feared. How would it be, if the spirit of death, having mastered religion, went on infecting society in politics, literature, and the arts, — in her very vitals?

The progress of the *men of death* will stop, — let us hope so. Daylight has shone into the sepulchre. It is known, and it will be still better known, how these phantoms have journeyed in the night.

How, while we slept, they had crept stealthily, and surprised people off their guard, — priests, women, and religious houses.

It is hardly conceivable how many good easy people, simple minds, humble friars, charitable *sisters*, have been thus deluded. How many convents have opened their gates to them, deceived by their whining tone; but now, they speak out boldly, and people are afraid, and smile while they tremble, and do whatever they are commanded.

Let us be shown any one rich *œuvre* (work of charity) in which they have not the principal influence, distributing as they will, and to whomsoever they please. So, it was high time that every poor corporation (Missionaries, Picpus friars, Lazarists, and even Benedictines) should go to them to receive the watch-word. And now all those are like a vast army which the Jesuits are bravely leading to the conquest of the age.

Astonishing! — In so short a time to have brought together such forces! However high an opinion one may form of the cunning of

* One may say this, when a cause embraced by the *Siècle*, the *Constitutionel*, and the *Courrier*, is defended on one side by the *Débats* and the *Révue des Deux-Mondes*, and on the other by the *National*; even the *Gazette* declared itself against the Jesuits in the question of *probabilism*.

the Jesuits, it would never be sufficient to explain such a result. There is a mysterious hand therein:—that hand which, well directed, has, from the first day of the world, performed with docility the miracles of stratagem. A feeble hand, which nothing withstands, — the hand of woman. The Jesuits have employed the instrument of which Saint Jerome speaks: "Poor little women, all covered with sins!"

To entice a child to us, we show it an apple. Well! they showed women pretty little feminine devotional exercises, saintly playthings, invented yesterday; they arranged for them a little world of idolatry. — What signs of the cross would Saint Louis make, if he came back and beheld? — He would not remain two days. He would prefer returning to captivity among the Saracens.

These new fashions were necessary to gain over the women. Whoever will win them, must sympathise in their little weaknesses, little cares, and often in their taste for the false. What made the fortune of these men, with some women, especially at first, was exactly this imposed falsehood, this mystery; a false name, — a dwelling little known, secret visits, and the piquant necessity of lying on their return home. Many a woman who has felt much, and who at length finds the world uniform and insipid, willingly seeks a certain sharp relish in the mixture of contrary ideas. At Venice, I saw a picture, in which, upon a rich dark carpet, a beautiful rose was fading by the side of a skull, and about the skull a graceful viper was winding.

This is an exception. The simple and natural way which has generally succeeded, is to catch wild birds by means of tame ones. I speak of the Jesuitesses*, cunning and gentle, adroit and charming, who, ever marching before the Jesuits, scatter every where the honey and the oil, and smooth the way. . . They have enchanted the women by becoming their sisters, friends, or whatever they would; and mothers especially, by touching the sensitive point, the poor maternal heart. . .

Out of friendship, they consented to take the young daughter; and the mother, who, otherwise, would never have parted from her, gave her up with a good heart into such kind hands. . . She found herself so much the more free; for, indeed, the amiable young witness was sometimes troublesome; especially if, becoming less

* The ladies of the *Sacré-Cœur* are not only directed and governed by the Jesuits, but ever since 1823, they have the same constitutions. The pecuniary interests of these two branches of the order must be common to a certain degree, since the Jesuits, on their return after the revolution in July, have been assisted by the treasury of the *Sacré-Cœur*. They have expressly annulled the prohibition made to the Jesuits by Loyola to direct convents of females.

young, she saw the dear, the adored, but too dazzling flower blooming by her side.

All that has been done very well, very quickly, with an admirable secrecy and discretion. The Jesuits are not far from having thus the daughters of all the influential families of the country in the houses of their *dames*. An immense result! Only, they ought to have waited. These young girls, in a few years, will be women, mothers. Whoever has the women is sure, in time, to have the men.

One generation would have been enough. These mothers would have given their sons. But the Jesuits had no patience. A little success from the pulpit or in the saloons has turned their heads. They have laid aside the prudent behaviour to which they owed their success. These skilful miners, who worked so well underground, have wanted to work in the open air. The mole has left his hole, to walk in the full sun.

It is so difficult to remain isolated from one's own time, that they who had the most to fear from noise, have themselves begun to shout.

Ah! you were there. Thanks! — many thanks for having awakened us! But what do you want?

"We have the daughters; we want the sons; in the name of liberty, give up your children."

"Liberty!" They were so fond of it that, in their love, they wanted to begin by stifling it in the highest sphere of public instruction — a happy omen of what they will do in secondary instruction! In the earlier months of the year 1842, they sent their young saints to the College of France to disturb the lectures.

We bore those attacks patiently. But what we found more difficult to support, were the bold attempts made before our face to corrupt the schools.

On that side, they used neither caution nor mystery; they worked in open daylight, — they tampered publicly. Excessive competition and the uneasiness which accompanies it, gave them a fine chance.* Many a sudden fortune spoke loud enough: miracles of the new church very powerful to touch hearts. Certain men, till then among the most staunch, began to reflect, to comprehend the ridicule of poverty, and walked with their heads down.

Once in motion, they did not allow time to breathe; the business was carried on briskly, every day with more audacity. The successive stages till lately observed were gradually neglected. The neo-Catholic time of probation became shorter and shorter. The Jesuits

* The lassitude of souls, after so many political disappointments, would have caused a serious return to religious ideas, if speculators in religion had not been over hasty in taking advantage of that situation.

wanted but one day to make a complete conversion. The adepts were no longer dragged through the old preliminary studies.* The goal was boldly indicated. This precipitation, which may be thought imprudent, is, however, easily enough accounted for. Those young men are not so young that they can run the risk of waiting; they have made one step in life, and are going to act or are acting: there is no time to lose; the result is close at hand. Gained over to-day, to-morrow they would hand the whole of society over to them, as physicians the secrets of families, as notaries that of fortunes, as the bar gives impunity.

Few have succumbed. The schools have resisted; good sense and national loyalty have preserved them. We congratulate them. Young men, may you remain like yourselves, and ever spurn corruption, as you have done here, when religious intrigue invoked it for an auxiliary, and came to court you even on your benches, with the seducing accompaniment of worldly temptations.

No danger is greater. He who runs blindly after the world and its joys, through youthful enthusiasm, will return through lassitude. But he who, in cold blood, the better to surprise the world, has dared to speculate in God, who has calculated how much money God will bring in, that man has died a death from which there is no resurrection.

No man of honour but grieved to see such capitulations, and the hope of the country thus compromised. How much more they who live among our young men — their masters, who are also their fathers!

And among their masters, he who ought to be the most sensitive on this point (may I say so?) was myself.

Why? Because, in my teaching, I had put what no man living had put in the same degree. It is not a matter of talent or eloquence, in presence of a certain friend of mine whom every body divines at this moment. It is not a matter of science, by the side of that scientific divination, of which the East comes to ask back her forgotten languages.

No, the thing I mean may be imprudent, but I can never repent it: — my unbounded confidence in those youths, my faith in the unknown friend. It is precisely this imprudence which has caused the strength and life of my teaching; it is this that renders it more pregnant for the future than many a one that was superior

Having succeeded to this chair late in life, and already known, I

* *Art chrétien, démagogie catholique, &c.*

have not the less studied, in presence of the crowd. Others taught their brilliant results, I my study itself; my method and my means! I walked before the eyes of all; and they could follow me, seeing both my aim and the humble road by which I had journeyed.

We sought together; I associated them without reserve in my great work; and we bestowed on it that impassioned interest which we give to things really personal. No vain glory, nothing for empty exhibition. The business was too serious. We sought *for life*, as much as for science; *for the remedy of the soul*, as the middle ages say. This remedy we asked from philosophy and history, the voice of the heart, and the voice of the world.

The form, occasionally poetical, might be an obstacle to the weak; but the strong found without difficulty criticism beneath the poetry — not the criticism which destroys, but that indeed which produces *; that living criticism which inquires of every thing the secret of its birth, its creative idea, its cause and reason of being, which when refound, science may once more remodel every thing. . . . It is the grand character of true science, to be art and creation, to be ever renewing, not to believe in death, never to abandon what once lived, but to constitute it again and replace it in the life that passes not away.

What is necessary for that? To love especially — to put one's life and heart in one's science.

I loved the object of my science — the past which I was forming again; and the present also, that companion of my study, — that crowd which, long accustomed to my speech, comprehended or divined, and often enlightened me by their rapid impression. During long years I wanted no other society than that sympathetic auditory, and what will, perhaps, be thought surprising, is, that I took refuge there in the most melancholy moments when every man seeks a friend; it is there I went to sit in my saddest days of mourning.

Great and rare confidence! but it was not a blind instinct. It was founded on reason. I had a right to believe that there was not a single man of sense, among my hearers, who was hostile to me. The friend of the past, the friend of the present, I felt within me the two, by no means discordant, principles which share the world between them; and I vivified them mutually one by the other. Born of the revolution and liberty, which is my faith, I have nevertheless loved the middle ages with unbounded affection and infinite tenderness; the most filial things that have been said about our old mother the Church, have been perhaps said by me.

* I need not say that the question is here about the tendency and the method, rather than about the results obtained.

Compare these with to the heartlessness of her brilliant defenders. Whence did I draw those living waters? At the common fountains where the middle ages had drawn, and where modern life slakes its thirst — at the sources of the free spirit.

One word sums up my mind about the relation of the two principles: "History (this is my definition of 1830, and I hold to it) is the progressive victory of liberty. This progress ought to be made, not by destruction, but by interpretation. Interpretation supposes *tradition* which is interpreted, and *liberty* which interprets. Let others choose between them; for my part, I must have both. I want one, and I want the other. How can they be otherwise than dear to me? Tradition is my mother, and Liberty is myself." (Lecture on the 28th of April, 1842.)

No teaching has been more animated with the free Christian spirit which constituted the life of the middle ages. Entirely occupied with the study of causes, and seeking them only in the soul (the divine and human soul), it was superlatively *spiritualist*, and the teaching of the spirit.

Hence, it soared on wings, which enabled it to pass over many a breaker, on which others, though stronger, have foundered.

One example: the Gothic art.

The first who remarked it, Goethe, the great *naturalist*, who was not a Christian, neither did he see anything Christian in it, admired in those infinite repetitions of the same forms a dead imitation of nature — "a colossal crystallisation." One of our countrymen, a powerful poet, endowed with a less noble but more ardent sentiment of life, felt those stones as if alive; only he took especially to the grotesque and fantastical; that is to say, in the house of God it was the devil he saw first.

They both considered the outside more than the inside: some result or other more than the cause.

I began by the cause; I made myself master of it, and making it fruitful, followed up the effect. I did not make the church my contemplation, but my work; I did not take it as made, but I made it again. Of what? Why, of the very element which made it the first time — of the heart and blood of man, of the free movements of the soul which moved those stones, and under those masses where authority weighs imperiously upon us, I showed something more ancient, more living, which created authority itself — I mean liberty.

This last word is the great, the true title of the middle ages; and to recover this title for them was, be it well remembered, to make their peace with modern times.

I have pursued the same investigation, introduced the same study

of moral causes, of the free human genius, into literature, law, and every form of activity. The more deeply I searched, by study, erudition, chronicles, and charters, the more I saw at the bottom of things, as their prime organic principle, sentiment, and idea, the heart of man, my own heart.

This spiritualistic tendency was so invincible in me that I have remained faithful to it in the history of material periods, which have materialised many of our contemporaries; I speak of the troublous and sensual epochs which terminate the middle ages, and form the commencement of modern times.

In the fourteenth century, what have I analysed, developed, and brought to light, at the expense of all the rest? The great religious question: that of the Temple.

In the fifteenth, under Charles VI., the great moral question: "How, from ignorance to error, from false ideas to bad passions, from ebriety to frenzy, does man lose his human nature?" (l. iv.) Then, after having lost France by a madman, I saved her by the heroic and holy madness of the Maid of Orleans.*

The sentiment of moral life, which alone reveals causes, enlightened, in my books and lectures, the times of the *Renaissance*. The giddiness of those times did not infect me, neither was I dazzled by their phantasmagoria; the tempestuous and brilliant fairy was not able to change me, as she had changed so many others; in vain she displayed before my eyes the iris of a hundred colours. Others saw all that as costumes and blazonry, flags, curious arms, coffres, armories, delph, and what not. But I saw only the soul.

I thus left aside both the picturesque writers, with their vain exhibitions of waxen figures which they cannot put in motion; and the turbulent dramatic poetasters, who, taking all sorts of members, one here, another there, mingled and galvanised everything, to the horror and fright of the passer-by. All that is outward: it is death, or false life.

What is the true historic life, and how a sincere man, who compares the world with his own heart, discovers and may recompose it. Such was the high and difficult question which I stated in my last lectures.† The successive efforts of all those who will come hereafter will gradually promote it.

For my part, the fruit of my labour, the reward of a laborious life, would be to have brought to light the true nature of the

* When I relate Charles VI., they believe me to be a materialist; when I recount the Maid, they take me for a spiritualist. Poor critics! who judge according to the nature of the subject; and not the method, which has always been the same.

† And which I intend to state better in a special book.

problem, and thereby prepared perhaps the solutions. Who does not perceive how immense would be the speculative results, and how important the practical results for policy and education?

Never had I felt a more religious sentiment of my mission than in these lectures of the last two years; never had I better comprehended the sacerdotal, the pontifical character of history; I bore all that past, as I would have borne the ashes of my father or my son.

It was whilst I was engaged in this religious work, that outrage came upon me. *

It took place four years ago, the 7th of April, 1842, after a very serious lecture, in which I established in opposition to the sophists, the moral unity of the human race.

The word had been given to disturb the lectures. But public indignation frightened the brave men; ill organised as yet, they thought it better to wait for the all-powerful effect of the libel which the Jesuit D. was writing from the notes of his fraternity, and which M. Desgarets, canon of Lyons, signed, avowing he was not the author of it.

I do not like contention. I retired and remained buried for a whole year in my studies, my solitary work, my dream of the olden time. These men, who were not asleep, grew bold; they thought they might come behind with impunity and strike the dreamer.

It so happened, however, that, by the progress of my labour, and the very plan of my lectures, I was coming upon them. Occupied till now in explaining and analysing life, I was naturally obliged to bring into contrast that false life which counterfeits it; I was to contrast living organism and sterile machinism.

But even though I could explain life, without showing death, should have considered it the duty of a professor of philosophy not to decline the question which forced itself upon him.

Our preachers, latterly, have agitated every question, whether social, political, historical, literary, or medical; one was lecturing on anatomy, another on Waterloo. Then, gaining courage, they have begun to preach, as in the time of the League, against this or that person. All that was thought very good.

As for persons — who cared? And as for social questions, people must have thought, doubtless, that in this drowsy age, there was not much danger in discussing them in the pulpit.

Most assuredly, we will not be the persons to find fault with that: we accept this division. The church is taken up with the world;

* No other professor had yet been molested in his lectures. The disturbances at the Sorbonne did not take place till a month or two afterwards, in the same year, 1842.

she teaches us our business. All well and good! We will teach her — God!

Let God return to science. How has she been able to do without Him so long? Return to us, O Lord! unworthy as we are — Oh! how welcome thou wilt be!

Wast thou not our lawful inheritance? And was science, as long as she was remote from thee, really a science? She has recovered thee on this happy occasion, and at the same time found, once more, her natural harmony with the good sense of the people, from which she ought never to have strayed.

June 26th, 1843.

I give here the notes I have of my lectures. I publish them nearly as they were written on the day when each lecture was delivered. I could not write sooner; the position of things altered from lecture to lecture, and the question was pushed forward, by the Press or otherwise, till the last day.

Some indulgence is required for lectures continued in spite of a stormy opposition, and which, though modified in form, according to the phases of the contest, have nevertheless gone steadily forward towards the goal first proposed.

I suppress in these notes several things that related to my anterior lessons, and which would not have been comprehended by those who had not followed my course of lectures.

I remove, also, here and there, a point which was necessarily only indicated in lectures the object of which was general, and which another course of lectures, especially devoted to the literature of the Jesuits, fully developed.

LECTURE I.

MODERN MACHINISM.

April 27. 1843.

In this first lesson (of the second part of my lectures) I established an important fact: viz. that since 1834, amid an immense increase of material production, intellectual production has considerably diminished in importance.

This fact, less remarked here (in France), is keenly felt by our foreign counterfeiters, who complain that they have almost nothing to copy.

From 1824 to 1834, France supplied them richly with food. In that period, she produced the literary monuments which constitute her glory before all Europe; and not only solitary monuments, but vast harmonious piles of works, cycles of histories, dramas, novels, &c.

During the ten following years, as much or more has been printed, but few works of importance. Even books of any extent have appeared at first in parts, in articles and feuilletons; ingenious feuilletons, brilliant pieces, but few ideas on a large scale, few grand compositions.

That which has chiefly occupied the Press has been reprints, publications of manuscripts, historical documents, cheap illustrated books, a sort of daguerreotypes which reproduce pale representations of whatever is set before them.

The singular rapidity with which all this passes before our eyes, one replacing and effacing the other, and hardly leaving a trace behind, does not allow us time to remark that in these thousand moveable objects, the form varies very little.

An attentive observer, curious in comparing his reminiscences, would see these pretended novelties return periodically; he would easily reduce them to a small number of types or formulas which are employed in turns. Our rapid *improvisateurs* are obliged, for want of time, to have recourse to those formulas; it is like a large machine, which they play with at their ease.

Mechanic genius, which has simplified and aggrandised modern life,

in material affairs, can scarcely be applied to things of the mind without weakening and enervating it. On all sides I see intellectual machines coming to our assistance*, to relieve us from studying and reflecting; dictionaries, enabling us to learn everything separate, apart from the relations which enlighten it; encyclopædias, in which every science, chipped into small parcels, lies like sterile dust; abridgements, summing up for you what you have not learned, making you believe you know, and shutting the door against science.

Old methods these, and very inferior to the idea of Raimond Lulle. At the end of the middle ages, he invented the scholastics, who, upon a ready-made thesis, exhausted themselves in deductions. "If the thesis is made," said he, "if philosophy, religion, or science, is made, it is sufficient to arrange properly; from the principles to the consequences, the deductions will proceed of themselves. My science will be like a tree; one will follow from the roots to the branches, from the branches to the leaves, going from the general to the species, the individual, and thence, inversely, one will return to the profound roots of general principles." He did so, as he had said; with that most commodious tree, people no longer sought; everything had become easy. Only, the tree was a *dead tree*, which bore neither fruit nor blossom.

In the sixteenth century there was another and a bolder attempt at machinism. People were fighting for religion. A valiant man, Ignatius de Loyola, conceived religion to be a machine of war, and morality, mechanics. His famous *Exercises* are a manual of religious tactics, in which the monastic militia is trained to certain movements. Therein he gave material processes to produce those transports of the heart, which had ever been left to free inspiration; here, they pray; there, they meditate; then, they weep, &c.

Admirable machinery! in which man is nothing more than a spring which is set in motion at pleasure. Only, expect nothing but what a machine can produce; a machine gives action, but no living production,— the great contrast to animated organism, which not only acts, but produces organisms as animated as itself. The machinery of the Jesuits has been active and powerful; but it has produced nothing living; it has ever lacked what is the highest sign of life for every society; the great man has been wanting. Not one man in three hundred years!

What is the nature of the Jesuit? None; he is fit for everything; a machine, a simple instrument of action, has no personal nature.

* My objection is against works of this description, and not against works in which the authors have displayed an original and profound mind.

The machine has its law, fatality, even as liberty is the law of the soul. How then is it that the Jesuits speak of liberty? In what does it concern them?

Remark the double language which they use towards us to-day. In the morning they are for liberty, in the evening for authority.

In their newspapers, which they give and scatter among the people, they speak only of liberty, and would persuade us that political liberty is possible under religious tyranny. That is hard to believe, and difficult to be forced upon a people who, in order to drive them away, but yesterday drove away a dynasty (*murmurs*), and who would drive away ten more, if it was again necessary.

In the saloons, with the great ladies whom they direct, it is no longer the same; they suddenly become again the friends of the past, the true sons of the middle ages.

And I also will say to them: I am somewhat related to the middle ages; I have lived long years among them, and I know well the four words of Christian art which our friends have just taught you. But allow me just to look you in the face; if you are truly the sons of that time, you should resemble it in appearance.

That time was fruitful, and though believing itself, in its humility, inactive and impotent, was always creating. It built up, as in a dream, I know not how many poems, legends, churches, and systems. How does it happen then, if you belong to it, that you produce nothing?

Those middle ages, which you gladly show us in an idiotic immobility were nothing but movement and fruitful transformation, for fifteen hundred years. [*I here suppress a long illustration.*] Free vegetation; its peculiar characteristic, has nothing in common with the dry unfeeling action of machines.* If they had no other action, they would have produced nothing living; they would have been sterile. And you would then have resembled them.

No, you are not of the past! No, you are not of the present! *Are* you? No, you *seem* only to exist. A mere accident, a simple phenomenon: no existence. What truly *is*, produces.

If you, who are not, who do nothing, who will never do anything, came and advised us to do nothing, to abdicate our activity and give ourselves over to you, to nothingness, we should reply: "The world must not yet die; that certain people should be dead, may be

* The living symbolism of the middle ages, which ever went on changing under an apparently immoveable form, resembled, in that, every living thing: the plant, for instance, which changes so gently that one thinks there is no change in it. Nothing is more contrary to the artificial, intended and calculated method, which premeditates enthusiasm and makes a machine of faith.

all very well; but is that any reason why all the rest should be dead also?"

If people insist, if they are determined that you are something, I will grant that you are a worn-out machine of war *; one of Philip the Second's fire-ships; one of the *Invincible Armada*. Whoever goes on board that ship perishes, both Philip II. and Charles X., and whoever will attempt it.

Sprung from strife, you remain faithful to your birth. Your works are only disputations, scholastic and polemic discourses, that is to say, negations. We work; you fight both ways; which is Christian?

Milites (that is your name), put back your sword into the scabbard. *Beati pacifici!*

Do as we were doing before you came to disturb us; work quietly. Then only will you understand Christianity and the middle ages, which you so little comprehend.

To whom do I offer this advice, which is not that of an enemy? To the society? No; it boasts of never changing; of never improving.† I speak to such unfortunate persons as I have now in my mind's eye, who perhaps feel, too late, that they have entered irrevocably upon the fatal road, and mourn in secret that they have embraced the spirit of death.

The end of this lecture was copied, unknown to me, by the newspaper *La Patrie*, the same evening, and the following morning (28th April) by *Le Siècle*. I was then ignorant of the active part that the press was going to take in this struggle.

I knew not (which may seem strange, but it is no less true,) that my friend, M. Quinet, having brought his lectures to the middle of the sixteenth century, was going to treat of the literature of the

* Three years after the massacre of St. Bartholomew, Gregory XIII., who had thanked heaven for that happy event, granted to the Jesuits all the privileges which the popes had conferred or would ever confer (*concessis et concedendis*) on all ecclesiastical persons, secular or regular. Hence their pretension to represent the whole church, conformably to that ambitious name *The Society of Jesus*. They are its dangerous counterfeit. They pilfer boldly among all the anterior rules, copy St. Benedict, St. Dominic, and St. Francis. Go afterwards and see the originals; you will find that the borrowed texts had a different sense, an entirely religious and poetical one, and which has nothing to do with the police spirit of these men. As strange and ridiculous an effect, as if a police ordinance grounded its motives upon the Divine Comedy. See further the note of p. 36.

† The general's motto is well known: *Sint ut sunt, aut non sint.*

Jesuits. Still less did I know of the article which M. Libri inserted in the *Revue des Deux-Mondes,* three days after my lecture (May 1.)

What will seem perhaps still more surprising is, that *I had not read one line of all that had been written against me.* It was after my second lecture, that one of my old pupils brought me the *Monopole universitaire.*

LECTURE II.

REACTIONS OF THE PAST.—"GHOSTS."—PERINDE AC CADAVER.

May 4. 1843.

It has been said both that I was acting on the defensive and the offensive. Neither is the case; I am teaching.

The professor of history and morality has a right to examine the most serious question of philosophy and history. What is *organism*, and what *mechanism*; in what living organism differs from sterile mechanism.

An important question, especially at the present moment, when life seems on the decline, when sterility is infecting us, when Europe, lately so busily engaged in imitating, counterfeiting, and translating France, is astonished to see that we go on producing less and less.

I have quoted an illustrious example of mechanism, powerful in action, impotent in production, — the order of the Jesuits, which, throughout an existence of three centuries, has not been able to produce one man, one single book of genius.

The Jesuits belong, as much as the Templars, to the judgment of history. It is my right and my duty to make known those great associations. I began by the Templars, whose *Process* I publish: I come now to the Jesuits.

They printed in their newspaper, the day before yesterday, *that I was attacking the clergy*; it is just the contrary. To make known the *tyrants of the clergy*, who are the Jesuits, is to do the greatest service to the clergy, and prepare their deliverance. We by no means confound the tyrants with their victims. Let them not hope to shelter themselves behind that large body of our clergy which they compromise by urging it to violence, when all it wants is only peace.

The Jesuits are, as I have said, a formidable machine of war, invented in the most violent conflict of the sixteenth century, employed as a desperate resource, dangerous for those who make use of it. There is one place where this is perfectly well known, — it is Rome;

and that is the reason why the cardinals have said * and will ever say in the conclave, whenever a Jesuit is proposed: *Dignus, sed jesuita.* They know that the order, at bottom, adores itself. It is the faith of the Templars.

Christianity could improve the world only by mixing in it. Consequently it has been obliged to undergo the world's sad necessities, and the saddest of all, — war. Christianity, which is peace, turned warrior at times; that is to say, at those times it became anti-christian.

The machines of war thus issuing, by a strange miracle, from the religion of peace, happening to be in flagrant contradiction with their own principle, have, from their very origin, presented a singular character of ugliness and falsehood; how much more so, in proportion as they became more remote from the circumstances which had produced them, and from the necessities which could show some reason for their origin! More and more in discord with the surrounding world, which had forgotten their origin, and was only struck with their ugliness, they inspired an instinctive repugnance: the people abhorred them without knowing why.

Every apparition of the troublous and violent world of the ancient ages in our modern world, inspires the same repugnance. The eldest sons of clay, who formerly alone possessed the globe, covered with water and mist, and whose equivocal limbs are now grovelling in the tepid ooze of the Nile, seem a summons from chaos, who would get the re-possession of us.†

God, who is beauty, has not created any absolute ugliness. Ugliness is an inharmonic transition.

There are two kinds of ugliness; one which wishes to be less ugly, to become harmonised, orderly, to pursue improvement, and to follow God. The other, which wants to grow more ugly, and, in proportion as the world becomes harmonised, aspires to ancient chaos.

In the same manner, in history and art, we sympathise with the ugly forms which desire their transformation. "*Expecto, Domine, donec veniat immutatio mea.*" See in our cathedrals, those miserable crouching figures which, under the weight of an enormous pillar, are nevertheless striving to raise their heads: it is the visible aspiration of the sad people of that time. You discern them again, in the fifteenth century, ugly and grimacing, but intelligent and cunning ‡;

* Concerning the Jesuit Cardinal Bellarmin.

† The serpent of the old slime presents himself amiable and glittering with scales and wings: "See my fine scales and my wings, mount upon my back and we will fly together towards the light!" "What! do you, crawling like a reptile, promise to fly? Is it you, a bat, who will take me to the sun? Avaunt, chimerical monsters,—living falsehoods, avaunt! Come, sacred light, to my aid, against the phantoms of chaos and the yawning abyss of old night!"

‡ See the statue of the daughter of Jean Bureau, at Versailles.

and through that ugliness you have a presentiment of modern harmony.

The odious incurable ugliness, shocking the sight, and the heart still more, is that which accuses the will of remaining so, of never allowing itself to be improved in the hands of that Great Artist who goes on sculpturing his work for ever.

Thus, when Christianity is triumphant, the pagan gods prefer to fly. They retreat to the forests; there they live, growing ever more fierce and savage: the old women make incantations for them upon the hearth of Macbeth. The middle ages look upon this obstinate tendency towards the past,—this effort to go back, when God is urging forward,—as the supreme evil, and call it the Devil.

They have the same horror for the *Albigenses*, when these men, who called themselves Christians, renewed the Persian, Manichean duality; as if, in the midst of Christianity, Arimanes had come to sit by the side of God.

Less coarse, but not less impious, seems to have been the mystery of the *Temple*.

Strange religion of monk-soldiers, who, in their contempt for priests, seem to have mingled the superstitions of the ancient Gnostics and Mussulmans, desiring from God only the Holy Ghost, confining it with themselves in the secrecy of the Temple, and keeping it for themselves. "Their own order became their real god. They adored the Temple, and the Templars as living temples. Their symbols expressed a blind devotion, a complete relinquishing of the will. The order thus contracting itself, fell into a furious religion of itself, — a satanic egotism. The most sovereignly diabolical feature in the devil is self-adoration."

Thus, this instrument of warfare which the church had created for the wants of the crusades, turned so well in her hands, that when she thought to direct it, she felt its point at her heart. However, the danger was less, inasmuch as this bastard creation of the monk-soldier had but little vitality apart from the crusades which had produced him.

The battle of the sixteenth century created a far more dangerous militia. At the moment when Rome was attacked in very Rome by the books of Luther and the arms of Frondsberg, there comes from Spain a valiant soldier, a man of enthusiasm and ingenuity, who devotes himself to serve her. She seizes this sword in her peril, and with such eagerness that she casts away the scabbard. She gives up all her power to the general of the Jesuits, prohibiting herself from ever giving them, even on their demand, privileges contrary to their institute. (Nullius momenti habenda sunt, etiamsi à Sede apostolica sint concessa.) The pope is to change nothing; but the general,

with the assembly of the order, is to change whatever he pleases, according to time and place.

What constituted the strength and legitimacy of the order at its first appearance was, that it maintained, in opposition to the Protestants, who exaggerated the divine influence, that man is free notwithstanding the latter.

Now, what use will he make of that liberty? Why, give it up to the Jesuits; he will use it to obey, and *will believe just* whatever he will be commanded *; he will be in the hand of the superiors, like a stick in the hand of an old man, who does with it whatever he pleases; he will allow himself to be pushed to the right and to the left, *like a corpse,* PERINDE AC CADAVER.

In support of this doctrine of obedience and tyranny, *delation* is authorised by the founder himself.

His successors organise the grand scholastic morality, or *casuistry,* which finds out for everything a *distinguo,* a *nisi.* This art of dodging with morality was the principal strength of their Society, the omnipotent allurement of their confessional. Their preaching was severe, their direction indulgent. There strange bargains were made between the sick consciences of the great ones of this world, and the entirely political direction of the Society.

The most efficacious means of conversion then discovered and employed by the Jesuits, was *to kidnap children,* in order to force the parents to be converted:—a new and very ingenious means, which Nero and Dioclesian had not dreamed of.

One fact. About 1650, a lady of high rank in Piedmont, of strong passions, and very worldly, was on her death-bed; she was attended by her Jesuit confessors, and yet but little comforted. At that serious moment she remembered her husband, whom she had not seen for a long time. She sent for him, and said, "I have sinned much (perhaps against you); I have much to atone for, and I believe my soul in peril. Aid me, and swear that you will use every means, fire and sword, to convert the Vaudois." The husband, a brave, honest soldier, swore; and he spared no military means; but nothing would do. The Jesuits, more knowing, then devised the kidnapping of children; they were sure the mothers would follow.†

These means, under the same influence, were extensively applied at the time of the revocation of the edict of Nantes. Louis XIV.

* Obedientia, tum in executione, tum in voluntate, tum in intellectu, sit in nobis semper ex omni parte perfecta — *omnia justa esse nobis persuadendo.* Constit. p. 123, in —12, Romæ, in collegio Societatis, 1583.

† The edict of Turin, 1655, corroborates this horrible fact, even by the merciful clause: "It is forbidden to kidnap boys before twelve, and girls before ten years of age."

was averse to them, but Madame de Maintenon, who had no child, made him understand that nothing was better devised or more efficacious. The groans of the mothers have reached heaven.

If we, also, are averse to give up our children into the hands of those who first advised these kidnappings, they must not be surprised. The mechanical education which the Jesuits give, cultivates, perhaps, the mind, but only in crushing the soul. One may know much, and yet be a lifeless soul: PERINDE AC CADAVER.

There is also something which ought to make us distrustful. Who knows what the Jesuits are to day, and what they are doing? Their existence is more mysterious than ever.

We have the right to say: the country is not equal between you and us. We give up all our thoughts to the public; we live in the light. But what prevents you from saying *yes* in the morning, and *no* in the evening?

People know what we are about. We work, well or ill. We come, every day, and bring here our life, our very heart. Our enemies can seize it with their teeth.

And for a long time (simple and industrious as we are), we have been nourishing them with our substance. We can say to them, as the wounded man, in the Greek song, says to the vulture, "Eat, bird, eat; it is the flesh of a brave man; thy beak will grow a cubit."

Come now, look yourselves; on what do you live in your utter poverty?

The very language you have in your mouth, with which your advocates are attacking J. J. Rousseau, is the language of Rousseau, as far as they are able. Rhetoric, reasoning; but little observation of facts.

Who revived Christian spiritualism twenty years ago? Was it you? Would you dare say so?

Who brought back among the public the enthusiasm for the middle ages? You? Would you dare say so?

We have praised the past, Saint Louis, Saint Thomas, even Ignatius de Loyola. And you come forward and say: I am Loyola. No! not even Loyola. A man of genius would not have done to-day what he then did.

Even that church wherein you are preaching has been there for centuries, and you could not see it. It was necessary for us to show it to you,—to reveal to you the towers of Notre-Dame,—and then you sneaked in, whether Notre-Dame would or not; you have made it your fortress, and have mounted your batteries upon the towers, upon that mansion of peace!

Well, then, let that building judge between you and us, and decide who are the true successors of the men that built it.

You say everything is completed; you will have nothing added. You find the towers high enough. They are so, certainly, to plant your machines.

We say that we must go on building, piling work on work, and living works; that as God is ever creating, we ought to follow, as we can, and create also.

You wished us to stop; but we have gone on. In spite of you, in the seventeenth century, we discovered heaven (as we had already discovered the earth in the fifteenth); you were angry with us for it; but you have been obliged to acknowledge this immense increase of religion. Before the right of nations, who introduced peace even into war? Before civil equality, was Christianity itself realised? Who has opened those immense roads? Modern times which you now accuse. And political equality, of which you are beginning to learn the name, to use it against us, will be one piece more, which we shall add to our vast edifice.

We are masons, — workmen; allow us to build, and let us pursue from age to age the edification of the common work, and, without ever growing tired, exalt higher and higher the eternal Church of God!

This lecture was interrupted by some marks of insolent disapprobation. The individuals who took this liberty excited the indignation of the whole audience; being recognised at the end of the lecture, they were pursued and hooted by the crowd.

On the following Wednesday M. Quinet, in a lecture that will last, established our right, the right of the liberty of the professor. The newspapers declared themselves successively in our favour; the *National* and the *Constitutionnel*, the 5th of May; the *Débats*, the 13th; the *Revue des Deux-Mondes*, the 15th; the *Courrier*, the 17th; the *Revue Independante*, the 25th. The *Siècle* published M. Quinet's lectures and my own.

A new review, the first number of which appeared on the 15th of May, gave extracts from them (*Journal de la Liberté religieuse*, directed by M. Goubault); considerable extracts were inserted by different newspapers in the provinces and abroad, such as the *Journal de Rouen, Echo de Vésone, Courrier de Lyon, Esperance, Helvetie, Courrier Suisse, &c.*

On Thursday, May 11th, several of my colleagues and most illustrious friends, Frenchmen and foreigners, wished, in a manner, to protest, by their presence, against such unworthy attacks, and did me the honour to surround my chair.

LECTURE III.

EDUCATION, DIVINE AND HUMAN. — EDUCATION AGAINST NATURE.

May 11. 1843.

At an advanced period of my solitary and laborious life, I find, while looking around me, a very agreeable compensation for whatever has lately been wanting.

It has been granted to me as much as to any man of our age, to contemplate a mystery truly divine in history.

I speak not of the spectacle of the great dramatic crises which seem to be Divine *coups d'Etat.* I speak of the gentle, patient, and often scarcely perceptible action, by which Providence prepares, raises, and developes life, protecting, nourishing, and even strengthening it. (*Uproar and confusion.*)

I appeal to my illustrious friends, the historians of humanity or nature, whom I see in this building, and I ask them whether the highest reward for their labours, their best consolation in adversity, has not ever been the contemplation of what we may call the maternal care of Providence.

God is a mother; that is obvious to every one who sees with what care he puts the greatest powers within the reach of the most feeble beings. For whom is this immense labour, this concourse of the elements, these showers from distant oceans, and this light from thirty millions of miles? Who is this favourite of God, for whom Nature moves fast or slow, and holds her breath? — a blade of grass in the fields.

On beholding that skilful, delicate care, that fear of hurting, that desire of preserving, that tender respect for existence, who would disown the maternal hand?

The great mother, the great nurse, is like all mothers: she dreads being too strong; she holds the nursling gently in her arms; she influences, without forcing; she is ever giving, but gently, little at a time; in order that her nursling, whatever it be, may not long remain passive, but help himself, and according to his species, have also his action.

The eternal miracle of the world, is that infinite power, far from

stifling what is weak, wishes it to become strong. The Almighty seems to find a divine felicity in creating and encouraging life, action, and liberty. (*Uproar, violent language, and a long interruption.*)

Education has no other aim than to imitate this conduct of Providence, in the culture of man. What education proposes to itself is, to develope a free creature, which may itself act and create.

In the disinterested and tender education which they give to their child, parents want nothing for themselves, but all for him; that he may grow up harmonically in all his faculties, in the plenitude of his powers; that he may grow gradually strong, become a man, and take their place.

Their first wish is that their child should develope his activity, even though they suffer from it. If the father fences with his son, he gives him the advantage to encourage him; he retreats, allows himself to be hit, and never thinks his son strikes hard enough.

The whole thought of parents, the end and aim of their cares for so many years is, that at length the child may be enabled to do without them, and leave them some day. Even the mother is resigned; she sees him depart; and sends him into hazardous careers — into the army or the navy. What is her wish? That he may return a man, bronzed by the sun of Africa, distinguished and admired; and then marry, and love another more than his mother.

Such is the disinterestedness of the family; all it asks for, is to produce a man free and strong, who may, if it be necessary, separate from it.

The artificial families, or fraternities of the middle ages, had, in their origin, something of this divine character of the natural family: an harmonious development in liberty. The great monastic families had a shade of it in their principle, and then it was they produced the great men who represent them in history. They have been fruitful only as far as they left something to free development.

The Jesuits alone, instituted for a violent action of policy and warfare, undertook to make man enter entirely into this action. They want to appropriate him without reserve; to employ and keep him from his birth to his death. They take him by *education*, before his awakened reason can stand on the defensive; overawe him by their *preaching*, and govern his slightest actions by their *direction*.

What is this education? Their apologist, the Jesuit Cerutti, tells us pretty plainly (*Apologie*, p. 330.).

"As one swathes the limbs of a child, from his very cradle, *to give them their just proportion*, even so from his early youth we must, so to speak, SWADDLE HIS WILL, in order that it may preserve throughout his life a happy and salutary suppleness."

If we could believe that a faculty for a long time *swaddled* could

ever become active, it would be sufficient to place side by side with this wheedling expression the much franker word which they have been so bold as to write in their regulations, which indicates pretty strongly the kind of obedience they require, and what man will be in their hands ; — *a stick, a corpse!*

But they will say, " If the will alone is annulled, and the other faculties gain by it, is there not compensation ? "

Prove that they have gained by it ; prove that the mind and the intellect can live in man with a dead will. Where are your illustrious men of the last three hundred years ?

And even though one side of a man should profit by the weakness of the other, who then has the right to practise such operations ; for instance, to put out his left eye under pretence that the right will have a clearer vision ?

I know that the English have found out an art of making strange breeds of cattle, — sheep that are nothing but fat, oxen all flesh, and elegant skeletons of horses to win at the races; and to ride these horses, they must have dwarfs, poor creatures stinted in their growth.

Is it not impious to apply to the soul this shocking art of making monsters, and to say, " This faculty you shall keep, that you shall sacrifice ; we will leave you memory, the sense of petty things, and this or that habit of business and chicanery ; but we shall take from you what constitutes your essence, what is yourself, — will, liberty ! — so that though thus useless, you may still live, but be no longer your own."

To make these monstrous things, requires a monstrous art.

The art of keeping men *together* and yet in *isolation*, united for action, disunited in heart, concurring to the same end, though at war with each other !

To obtain this state of isolation in the Society itself, it is necessary at first to leave the inferior members in perfect ignorance of what will be revealed to them in the higher grades (*Reg. Comm.* XXVII.), so that they may go on blindly from one step to the other, and as if they were ascending in the dark.*

That is the first point. The second is to make them distrustful of one another, by the fear of mutual informations (*Reg. Comm.* XX.).

* To justify the prohibition of learning to read which they inflict on their servants, they boldly quote Saint François d'Assise (Reg. Comment. Nigronus, p. 303.), who, in his perfect confidence in divine inspiration, relieves his disciples from studying. I fancy I see Machiavel speculating, for his policy, upon a word that he had seized on the lips of a child. It is the same with a host of things which the Jesuits have literally copied from the ancient rules, but which have with them a very different signification, and only serve to show how very contrary their spirit is to that of the middle ages.

The third is to complete this artificial system by special books, which show them the world in an entirely false light, so that, having no means of verification, they find themselves for ever shut up, and as it were, immured in falsehood.

I will quote but one of their books, their *Abridgement of the History of France* (ed. of 1843), a book *, which, for the last twenty-five years, has been propagated by millions in France, Belgium, Savoy, Piedmont, and Switzerland, a book so well adopted by them, that they have modified it from year to year †, purging it of the ridiculous sayings which had given celebrity to the name of the author; they have, however, left in it the calumnies and blasphemies against France. Everywhere, the English heart; everywhere, the glory of Wellington.‡ But the English themselves have shown themselves less English; they have refuted with contempt the calumnies invented or reprinted by the Jesuits against our dead at Waterloo; the passage among others in which, while relating that the remnants of the Imperial Guard refused to surrender, the Jesuits' history adds, "*They saw those madmen firing upon and killing one another* before the face of the English, whom this strange spectacle filled with horror and affright."§

Miserable men! how little do you know the heroic generation

* *Histoire de France, à l'usage de la jeunesse*, t. ii. p. 342, 12mo., new edition, revised and corrected 1843; printed at Lyons, by Louis Lesne, printer and editor, formerly Rusand. This book and all those by the same hand are designated in the catalogues by the letters A. M. D. G. (*ad majorem Dei gloriam*), or by L. N. N. (*lucet, non nocet*).

† And from month to month. In the edition they printed in June, they have suppressed the passage I quoted in the College of France, according to an edition of January or February which I have now (June 24.) before me while writing this note.

‡ One should see the speeches they put in his mouth, so absurd and insulting to us (v. ii. p. 312.), the sanguinary follies they attribute to Napoleon (ii. 324.), the silliness of an idiotic hatred: On the 20th of March the cry of *Vive l'empereur!* was confounded with that of *vive l'enfer! à bas le paradis!* p. 337. What shall I say of the dissertation on *perruques* which, in this little book, takes up two whole pages (ii. 168, 169)? The rest is all of a piece; everywhere the same worldly and canting spirit, the most serious things told with a deplorable flippancy, in which we perceive a dead heart. This is the way the author speaks of the Saint Bartholomew massacre: "The marriage took place, and the joy of the *fête* would have been complete, without the sanguinary catastrophe by which it was terminated" (i. 294.). What beats all is this audacious praise of the Jesuits by the Jesuits: "By a very honourable distinction for this society, *it was calculated they had as many enemies as religion itself*" (ii. 103.).

§ "On vit ces forcenés tirer les uns sur les autres et s'entre-tuer sous les yeux des Anglais, que cet étrange spectacle tenait dans un saisissement mêlé d'horreur."

whom you calumniate at hazard! They who saw those brave men face to face, can say whether their calm courage was ever mingled with fury. More than one that we have known, were as gentle as an infant! Oh! how gentle were those brave men!

If you are wise, never speak of those men, never of those times. Hold your peace about all that. You will be too easily known for what you are — the enemies of France! She herself would say to you, "Touch not my dead! Take care, they are not so dead as you believe!" *

During this lecture it was easy to perceive the hand that directed the interrupters. The means employed to disturb the lecture, was quite in accordance with what we had just explained about the method of the Jesuits. It consisted in drowning the voice of the professor, not by hissing, *but by bravos!* This manœuvre was executed by a dozen persons who had never attended our lectures, and who had been recruited that very morning, on purpose, in a large public establishment.

A manœuvre, so little *French*, excited the indignation of the young audience, and the more so as the disturbers, little experienced, had growled at a venture, and precisely at the most religious parts of the lecture. They incurred some danger, especially one of them, whom I was pleased to see protected by a friend of mine, who shielded him with his body.

In the evening of the 16th of May, several students brought me a letter, full of respectful politeness, in which they expressed at once their sympathy for the professor and their indignation at the unjustifiable attacks of which his lecture had been the object. This letter had been covered, in a moment, by two hundred and fifty-eight signatures.

The newspapers, as I have said, had declared themselves in our

* How many facts I could quote! Here is one that deserves to be rescued from oblivion: At the battle of Wagram, one of the batteries of the imperial guard happened to be stationed for a few moments on a field covered with the wounded enemy; one of them, who was suffering horribly from his wounds, his thirst, and the heat, called out to the French to finish him; furious at not being understood (he spoke Hungarian), he crawled towards a loaded gun and tried to fire it at the cannoneers; the French officer snatched the weapon out of his hands, and hung up a few clothes on a pile of muskets to give him some shade. This officer was M. Fourcy-Gauduin, a captain in the artillery of the guard, an excellent historian of the *Ecole Polytechnique*, who made some charming pieces of poetry throughout those terrible wars, and upon all the battle-fields in Europe. He has this simple epitaph in our *Cimetière du Midi: Hinc surrecturus;* and below: *Stylo et gladio meruit.* The two first words, so noble and so Christian, are those he had himself written upon his mother's tomb: *Hinc surrectura!*

favour. I wrote on the 15th the following letter to the editor of the *Débats* : —

" Sir, — In an obliging article in which you state the justice of our cause, you say we are using our right of *defence*. Some persons might conclude that, in running to succour our attacked reputation, we are straying from the subject of our teaching — from the original outline of our lectures.

" No, we are not defending ourselves. The partial and disfigured passages, as soon as they are read in the original, are their own defence. As to the commentaries that have been added, who would dare read them in public? The monastic spirit in some of them would have frightened Aretin. (See the *Monopole Universitaire*, p. 441.)

" In my very first lecture this year, I laid down my subject; it is the highest question in the philosophy of history:

" To distinguish living *organism* from *mechanism, formalism*, vain *school-divinity*.

" I. In the first part of my lectures, I have shown that the real middle ages were not, as is believed, swayed by that sterile spirit. I have studied the mystery of its fecund vitality.

" II. In the second, I show what we must think of the *false middle ages* which want to impose on us. I signalize them outwardly, by their impotency and the sterility of their results; I penetrate them to the bottom, in the disloyalty of their principle: to kidnap man by surprise, envelope him before the age when he might defend himself, *swaddle his will*, as they themselves say in the *Apologie des Jésuits*.

" Such has been, and such is, Sir, the plan of my lectures. Contention does but come to the support of the theories: the order of the Jesuits is an example like the order of the Templars, which I have also had occasion to mention.

" I am not fond of noise. The greatest part of my life has passed away in silence. I have written very late in life; and since then, have never disputed, never replied. For twelve years I have been wrapt up in an immense work, which must consume my life. Yesterday, I was writing the *History of France;* I shall write it to-morrow, and every day, as long as God will permit. I only ask him to maintain me such as I have been till now; to keep me in equilibrium, master of my heart, so that this mountain of falsehood and calumny, which they have been long amassing to overwhelm me at one blow, may not, in any way, turn the impartial scales which he has placed in my hands. I am, &c., &c.

" Monday, May 15. 1843."

Our adversaries could see, on the 18th of May, from the attitude of the silent crowd that had filled every hall in the College of France, that it might be dangerous to try the patience of the public any longer. Complete silence reigned everywhere. One person suspected, perhaps wrongly, of having attempted to cause a disturbance, was passed from hand to hand, and in a moment put outside the hall.

From that day, our tranquillity was never disturbed.

LECTURE IV.

LIBERTY, FECUNDITY.—STERILITY OF THE JESUITS.

May 18. 1843.

THE liberty of the press has saved the liberty of speech.

As soon as a thought, or a free voice is heard, it can no longer be smothered; it penetrates through vaulted roofs and walls. What would be the use of preventing six hundred persons from hearing what will be read to-morrow by six hundred thousand?

Liberty is man. Even to submit, we must be free; to give ourselves, we must belong to ourselves. He who has previously *abdicated himself*, can be no longer a man; he can be but a thing. God would have none of it!

Liberty is so utterly the basis of the modern world, that her enemies, to combat her, have no other weapon but herself. How has Europe been able to struggle against the Revolution? With liberties, given or promised, municipal and civil liberties, in Prussia, Hungary, Galicia, &c.

Thence, the violent adversaries of liberty of thought derived their strength. Is it not a curious sight to see M. de Maistre, in his frolicsomeness, escaping every instant from the yoke he wishes to impose, now more mystic than the mystics condemned by the church, now quite as revolutionary as the Revolution he combats?

Wonderful virtue of liberty! The most free of ages, our own, has proved also to be the most harmonious. It has been developed, no longer by servile schools, but by cycles or great families of independent men, who, without being subordinate to one another, nevertheless march forward hand in hand; in Germany, the cycle of philosophers and of great musicians; in France, that of historians, poets, &c.*

* The same development in the sciences; from the commencement of the century, I see the chymists of France and the mechanicians of England working together face to face, throughout the period of our great struggles, and yet in perfect harmony, all producing wonderful powers from the bosom of nature, which, though sought for under the inspiration of war, nevertheless remain for ever the pacific possession of humanity.

Thus it was precisely when there was no longer any association, any religious order, any school, that this grand concert was heard for the first time, wherein each nation in itself, and all nations among themselves, without any previous understanding, have agreed in common harmony.

The middle ages, less free, had not this noble harmony; they had, at all events, the hope and a kind of prophetic shadow of it in their great associations, which, although still dependent, were nevertheless liberties when compared with former times. Thus when Saint Dominic and Saint Françis, drawing the monk from his seclusion, sent him throughout the world as a preacher and a pilgrim, this new liberty produced floods of life. Saint Dominic, in spite of the fatal part he takes in the Inquisition, produces crowds of profound theologians, orators, poets, painters, and bold thinkers, till he burns himself, never to rise again, at the stake of Bruno.

The middle ages were thus, not an artificial and mechanical system, but certainly a living being; they had their liberty, and by it their fecundity; they truly lived, worked, and produced. And now they may repose, like a good workman who has earned his rest; and we who are working to-day will go willingly and repose by their side to-morrow.

But first, they and we shall be called to give an account of what we have done. Ages are responsible like men. We moderns shall go, with those of the middle ages, carrying our works in our hands, and presenting our great workmen. We shall show Leibnitz and Kant, they St. Thomas; we Ampère or Lavoisier, they Roger Bacon; they the author of *Dies iræ* and of *Stabat Mater*, we Beethoven and Mozart.

Yes, those old ages will have something to show for themselves; Saint Benedict, Saint Francis, and Saint Dominic will come loaded with great works, which, all scholastic as they may appear, were nevertheless works of life.

What will the Jesuits bring?

Here the question is not between these two powerful unions of the geniuses of the middle ages and modern geniuses, to show men of erudition and science, agreeable Latin poets, a good preacher, Bourdaloue ‡, or an ingenious philosopher, Buffier.* Little for litera-

* See the list in the *Apologie* (by the Jesuit Cerutti), p. 292. 310: *Historians*, Bougeant, Duhalde, Strada, Charlevoix, Maimbourg, &c. *Men of Learning*, Pétan, Sirmond, Bollandus, Gaubil, Parennin, &c. *Littérateurs*, Bouhours, Rapin, La Rue, Jouvency, Vanière, Sanadon, &c. Many men of science and merit, but not one man of genius. They may say, that having appeared in an age of strife, and having generally led a life of action, they have acted rather than created, and that we ought to examine less their monuments than their acts. Well then! has their action been truly fruitful? We say no, without hesitation even on the subject of their missions. See M. Quinet's lecture.

ture, nothing for art, and less than nothing. See, under their influence, that insipid, old coquettish, affected painting, which, from Mignard downwards, grow ever paler and paler.*

No, those are not your works. You have others you must show.

First, your histories†, often learned, always suspected, always biassed by party interest. Had your Daniels and Marianas even wished to be veracious, they could not have been so. One thing is ever wanting among your men, that which you strive the most to destroy, that precisely which a great man declares to be the first quality in an historian: "A lion heart ever to speak the truth."

At bottom you have but one work of your own: a code.

I mean the rules and constitutions by which you govern; let us add, also, the dangerous chicanery to which you bring up your confessors for the government of souls.

In looking over the large volume on the *Constitutions of the Jesuits*, one is frightened at the immense number of details, the infinitely minute foresight it displays: an edifice, however, rather great than grand‡, fatiguing to the sight, because it offers nowhere the simplicity of life — because one shudders to feel that the living powers figure there like stones. One seems to behold a vast church, not like that of the middle ages, in its simple and natural growth —no! a church the walls of which present only the heads and visages of men hearing and seeing, but no body, no member; the members and the bodies being for ever hidden, and sealed up, alas! in the dead wall.

The whole is built on one principle: mutual *surveillance*, mutual denunciation, an utter contempt of human nature (natural, perhaps, at the terrible epoch when this institution was founded).

The superior is surrounded by his *consulteurs*, the *profès*, novices, and pupils by their *confrères* or comrades, who may denounce them:

* Poussin loved neither the Jesuits, nor their painting. He said dryly to those who reproached him with representing Jesus Christ with too austere a countenance: "That our Lord had not been *an effeminate father* (*un père douillet.*)"

† The whole order is an historian, an indefatigable biographer, a laborious archivist. They relate, day by day, to their general, whatever is passing in the world.

‡ Whatever is found in this book borrowed from the middle ages assumes in it a modern character, often totally opposed to the ancient spirit. What pervades, is a *scribe spirit*, an infinite regulation mania, a government curiosity, ever restless and wishing to see and fathom a bottom beyond the bottom. Hence the unheard-of refinements of their casuistry, and their pitiable courage in raking up and decomposing filth, at the risk of sinking still lower in the mire. In all, a petty, subtle, finical spirit —a bastard mixture of *bureaucracy* and school-divinity. Far more police than policy.

shameful precautions are taken against the gravest and best-tried members.*

A gloomy home! How I pity them! But must not a man, so ill at ease within, be so much the more active without, and must he not introduce there a dangerous restlessness? The only way for him to suffer less from this terrible police spirit is to spread it everywhere.

Is not such a policy, applied to education, an impious thing? What! that poor soul which has but one day between two eternities — only one day to become worthy of a blessed eternity, is to be grasped by you to make the child an informer, that is to say, like the devil, who, according to *Genesis*, was the first delator in the world!

All the services the Jesuits may have done† cannot wipe out this. Their very method of teaching and of education, judicious in several respects, is, nevertheless, everywhere impressed with a mechanic, automatic character. No spirit of life. It regulates the exterior; the interior may come if it can. It teaches, among other things, *to carry your head decently, always to look lower than the person you address, to smooth the wrinkles which form themselves about the nose and on the forehead*‡; too visible tokens, truly, of duplicity and cunning. These miserable comedians do not know that serenity, an air of candour and moral grace, must come from the interior, must ascend from the heart to the countenance, and are never to be imitated.

* * * * *

Such are, gentlemen, the enemies we have to contend with. Religious liberty, which they want to grasp, is the foundation of all

* Police and counter-police; *the confessor even watched by his female penitents*, who are occasionally sent to him to put insidious questions! A woman, serving in turns as a spy to two men jealous of each other. A hell lower than hell! Where is the Dante who would have discovered that? The reality is far more vast and more terrible than any imagination! This kind of *espionnage* is not in the rule, but in the *practice*.

† And they have certainly done some in this *entr'acte* of studies; scholastic education having finished, and modern education not having begun. Nevertheless their method, even in its most judicious parts, is spoilt by a petty spirit, and the excessive divisions of time and different studies; the whole is cut up in a paltry manner: a quarter of an hour for four lines of Cicero, another quarter of an hour for Virgil, &c. Add, also, their mania of arranging the authors, of mingling something of their own style in them, of dressing up old authors like Jesuits, &c. &c.

‡ Institutum Soc. Jes., ii. 114, ed. Prag., in folio. Nothing has been changed in the education of the Jesuits. All that I had read in the *Intérieur de Saint-Acheul, by one of his pupils*, has been confirmed by pupils of Brugelete, Brieg, and Fribourg.

the others; of political liberty, of that of the press, of that of speech — which I thank you for having maintained. Preserve well this grand inheritance; you ought to do so, young men, the more, inasmuch as you have received it from your fathers, and not made it yourselves; it is the price of their efforts, the fruit of their blood. Abandon it! it would be like breaking open their tombs!

Ever bear in mind the words of an old man of yore, a grey-bearded man, as he himself says, the Chancellor l'Hôpital: "Lose liberty! Good God! What remains to be lost after that?"

LECTURE V.

FREE ASSOCIATION, FECUNDITY. — STERILITY OF THE ENSLAVED CHURCH.

May 26. 1843.

THE violent perfidious attacks, made against me since our last meeting, oblige me to say one word about myself.

One word; the first, and it shall be the last. Gentlemen, we have known each other for a very long time. The greater number of the young men here present have been educated, if not by me, at least by my books and my pupils. No one here is ignorant of the course I have followed.

A course at once liberal and religious. It dates from 1827. That year I published two works; one was the translation of a book which founds the philosophy of history on the basis of Providence, common to every religion; the other was a compendium of modern history, in which I condemned, more strongly than I have ever done since, fanaticism and intolerance.*

Therefore, I have been known from that time, both by my books and by my teaching in the *E'cole Normale*, an instruction which my pupils have propagated into every corner of France. Since then, I have not said a word that was not in accordance with the beginning.

My career has not, by any means, been hastened on; I have passed one after another every grade, without any one of them being either spared or abridged. Examination, election, and seniority; such have been my proceedings.

I have been reproached with my humble origin †; but I glory in it. (Applause).

They say also that *I have solicited.*‡ When could I? A man who, for so many years, has been totally and incessantly occupied

* See especially what I have said about the Saint Bartholomew massacre. Précis de l'Histoire Moderne, p. 141, ed. 1827.

† See my translation of *The People*, preface *passim*. London, Longman and Co. 1846.

‡ I did not solicit, under the Restoration, as it is said, but I was solicited. When? In 1828, under the Martignac ministry, and by the intercession of one of my illustrious friends to whom that minister, with the applause of France, then relinquished his chair.

with the double work of the professor and the writer, has reserved for himself but little time for business and private interest.

I have led for long years the life of the Benedictines of our age, the Sismondi and the Daunous. M. Daunou lived in a remote *faubourg*, among gardeners; every morning, when they saw a light in his window, they set to work, saying: "It is four o'clock."

In beginning such an immense work as the history of this country,—a work out of all proportion with the duration of human life,—one is condemned to lead a hermit's life. This life is not without its danger. One becomes absorbed in it in the long run to such a degree, as not to know what is passing abroad, and, occasionally, wakes only when the enemy are forcing the door and invading one's hearth.

Even yesterday, I confess, I was entirely buried in my work, shut up with Louis XI. and Charles the Bold, and very busily engaged in reconciling them — when hearing a great flight of bats, I was obliged to put my head out of the window to see what was passing.

What was it I saw? *Nothingness* taking possession of the world — and the world allowing it, floating about like the raft of the *Medusa*, refusing to row any longer, untying and destroying the raft, and making signals — to what? to the future? the way to salvation? — No! but to the bottomless pit, to the void.

The abyss whispers softly: Come to me, what do you fear? Do you not see that *I am nothing?*

But it is exactly because *you are nothing* that I am afraid of you. What I dread is your nothingness. I am not afraid of what *is*; what truly *is*, is of God!

The middle ages said in their last book (The *Imitation*): Let God speak, and let doctors be silent. — We cannot say as much, — our doctors say nothing.

Do theology and philosophy, those two mistresses of the world, whence the divine spirit ought to descend upon us, any longer speak?

Philosophy no longer teaches. She is reduced to history and erudition; she translates or reprints. Theology no longer teaches, She criticises and insults. She lives on proper names, on books and the reputation of Mr. Such-a-one whom she attacks. — What matters Mr. Such-a-one? Speak to us rather of God.

It is high time, if we wish to live, for each man, leaving those doctors to dispute as much as they please, to seek life in himself, appeal to the inward voice, to the persevering works of *solitude*, and the aid of free *association*.

In these days we do not rightly understand either solitude or association; still less do people know how solitary labour and free communications can alternate and fructify each other.

Yet our salvation is there. I see, in my mind, a whole nation suffering and languishing, having neither any association nor any real solitude however isolated it may be. Here a nation of students, separated from their families (this mass of schools is a colony of exiles), yonder a nation of priests, dispersed in the rural districts, between the malevolence of the world and the tyranny of their superiors; — an unfortunate crowd, without a voice to complain, and who, throughout half a century, have uttered nothing but a sigh.*

All these men, now isolated, or forcibly associated to condemn association, were, in the middle ages, grouped together in free fraternities, in colleges, where, even under authority, liberty had still a place. Several of those colleges directed themselves, and named their directors and masters. Not only was the administration free, but study also in certain points. In that great school of Navarre, for instance, the student had, independently of the regular instruction imposed on them, the right of choosing for themselves a book to explain, study, and examine together. Those liberties were fertile; the College of Navarre produced a multitude of eminent men, orators and critics, the Clemengis and the Launoys, the Gersons and the Bossuets.†

Whatever liberty there was in the schools of the middle ages, disappeared in the last centuries.

In those schools (too unfairly judged), people learned little, it is

* "On the present state of the clergy, and particularly on the rural *curés* called *desservants*," by MM. Allignol, *prêtres desservants*, 1839.

* See also with what fecundity free development is produced in those amiable associations of great painters from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century!

The master allowing his pupils to paint in his pictures, does not the less pursue, through this mass of diverse painting, his vigorous impulse. And they who seem to sacrifice themselves to him, to be absorbed in him and lost in his glory, gain the more by their self-sacrifice. They go on free and active, without interest or pride, and grace grows under their pencil without their knowing whence it comes. Lo! one morning, that youth who yesterday was grinding colours, is himself become a master and the head of a school.

What is truly divine in free association, is, that in proposing some special work, it developes what is above every work — the power that can make them all: union, *fraternity*. In many a picture of Rubens to which Vandyck has put his hand, there is something far more than the picture, even superior to the art itself, — their glorious friendship!

The better we understand the virtue of free association, the more delighted we shall be in seeing new powers arise to life; the more cordially we shall welcome the new comer. Every man of a different genius or of different studies brings to us an element which we must welcome. He comes to complete us. Before his coming, the grand lyre, which we form among ourselves, was not yet in harmony; every string receives its full value only by the adjacent ones. If we get one more, let us rejoice, the lyre will sound so much the better.

true, but they exercised themselves much. In the sixteenth century the aspect changes; people want *to know*. Science suddenly receives an increase of the whole ancient world, which was just then rediscovered; by what mechanical means could they crowd into their memory that mass of words and things?

That inharmonic science had produced only doubt; every thing was unsettled both in ideas and morals. To draw the human mind from such a state of fluctuation the powerful machine of the *Society of Jesuits* was devised, wherein, once well engaged and firmly riveted, it could no longer move.

What happened? Why, this barbarous idea of thus holding, as it were, the breath of life in a vice, missed its aim. When they thought they held it, they held it not; they had nothing but death in their grasp.

And death spread. A spirit of distrust and inaction was diffused in the church. Talent was suspected. The good men held their tongues. They became more and more easily resigned to silence; they became accustomed to pretend to be dead. When people act so well, they are dead indeed.

In our time, the eminent champions of the clergy are strangers to them (such are Bonald, De Maistre). One priest has stood forward, only one.* Is he still a priest?

Profound sterility! which accounts very little for the noise they are now making.

"But what then," they may say, "is it not sufficient to say and repeat for ever an eternal dogma?"

And precisely because he is eternal, because he is divine, Christ, when he awakes in his power, has never lacked a new robe, a youthful garment. He has constantly renewed his tunic from age to age by St. Bernard, by St. Francis, by Gerson, and by Bossuet.

Do not excuse your impotency. If the crowd has filled the church do not attempt to make us believe that it has come to hear the sifting of worn-out controversies. We will analyse, hereafter, the different motives that have brought it there.† Only one question to-day:—Is it to leave the world that these people come to church, or to enter it the quicker? In this time of opposition, more than one has done like the passenger pressed for time who, seeing the street crowded, takes advantage of a church being open, passes through it, goes out by another door, and finds he has got the start of the simple ones who are still struggling to push their way through the crowd.

* * * * *

* The illustrious M. de La Mennais.

† See my translation of Michelet's *Priests, Women, and Families*, London, Longman and Co.

To keep the clergy sterile, to continue the withering education of the sixteenth century, to be ever imposing on them books which bear witness to the hideous state of morals in those times, is to do what their most cruel enemies would not do.

What! enervate and paralyse that great living body; keep it inert and motionless; forbid it everything excepting insult!

But insult, criticism, nay, even the best criticism, is still only criticism, that is to say, a negation. To become more and more negative is to live less and less.

We, whom they believe to be their enemies, want them to act,—to live. But their chiefs, let us say, rather, their masters, do not allow them to give any signs of life. Which, I pray you, of the two mothers in Solomon's Judgment, is the true one; which is the good mother? *She who wishes that the child should live.*

Poor Church! it is necessary that her very adversaries should be the persons who engage her to know herself, to share with them the work of interpretation, and to remember her liberties and the grand prophetic voices that have issued from her bosom.

Do you then no longer remember, O Church! the eternal words which one of your prophets, Joachim de Flores, respectfully listened to by popes and emperors, dictated, in the year 1200, at the foot of Etna? His disciple tells us: "He dictated for three days and three nights, without either sleeping, eating, or drinking; and I wrote. And he was as livid as the leaves in the woods.

"There have been three ages, three sorts of persons among believers: the first called to the work of accomplishing the law, the second to the work of the passion, and the last elected for the liberty of contemplation. This is what Scripture attests when it says: Wherever is the spirit of the Lord there is liberty. The first age was an age of slaves, the second of freemen, the third of friends; the first, an age of old men; the second, of men; the third, of children; in the first age thistles, in the second roses, in the last lilies. The mystery of the kingdom of God appeared at first as in a profound night; then it began to dawn like the morning; one day it will beam in the blaze of noon. For in every age of the world science increases and multiplies; it is written: Many shall pass away, but science shall go on multiplying."

Thus at the extreme limit of the thirteenth century, the prophet saw the light of the modern world—progress—liberty, which these men no longer acknowledge. Mont Blanc is seen thirty leagues off, but people do not perceive it when they dwell in its very shadow.

In these days it is liberty, the liberty announced by those old prophets, which comes and entreats the church, in their name, not to die, not to allow herself to be stifled under that heavy cope of lead, but

rather to arise, supporting herself on the young and powerful hand which she is extending towards her.

Those prophets, and we, their children (under divers forms, no matter), have all felt God in the same manner, as the free and living spirit which wishes the world to imitate it in liberty!

Then fling away those useless weapons, abjure the mad warfare you are made to carry on in spite of yourselves. Do you want us to remain here, like bad workmen who idle away the whole day in the streets, quarrelling with one another?

Why do you not rather come, you and the others, and work with us, whilst there still remain a few hours of daylight, so that, associating our works and our hearts, we may become more and more, as the middle ages used to say, *brethren in the free spirit.*

LECTURE VI.

SPIRIT OF LIFE; SPIRIT OF DEATH.

Had we the right to signalise the spirit of death?

June 1st, 1843.

However much we may be overwhelmed by business or carried away by our passions, there is nobody who has not a few moments to muse about a better life.

Nobody who, alone by his fireside, after returning fatigued in the evening, or else refreshed in the cheering hours of the morning, has not asked himself whether he should always remain in the world of petty things; if he should never take his flight!

At that serious moment, which perhaps will never return, what kind of man will you meet with? You will meet with two men, two languages, and two spirits.

One tells you to live a grand life, no longer to be lavish of yourself in outward things, but to appeal to yourself, to your inward powers — to embrace your destiny, your science and art, with an heroic will; to take nothing, neither science nor belief, as a dead lesson, but as a living thing, as a life begun which you must continue and vivify still more, by creating, according to your powers, in imitation of Him who is ever creating. That is the grand high road which, abounding in fecund activity, strays not from the path of holiness. Have we not seen the eldest born of God, the Newtons, Virgils, and Corneilles, to whom it was given to follow Him in his way of creation, walking in their simplicity, remaining pure, and dying — children?

Thus speaks the spirit of life. Now what will the spirit of death say? That, if we live, we must live very little, less and less, and above all create nothing.

"Beware," will he say, "of developing your interior powers; do not question yourself; do not believe the inward voice; seek outwardly, never within. What is the use of fatiguing yourself in forming your life and your science? Why! here they are ready made, and so short and easy; you have only to learn He is but a fool

who would want to fly it is much safer to creep: one arrives the sooner.

"Come lay aside your Bible and your Dante; take the *Fleur des Saints*, and the *Petit Traité des petites vertus*. Put this amulet round your neck; perform the *Hundred Mortifications*, and then a little canticle, into the bargain, set to a worldly tune. Choose a good place at church; well seen and known for a devout person (*bon sujet*) they will get you on in the world, marry you well, and procure for you a good establishment.

"But all that on one condition; which is, that you be reasonable, that is to say, you must completely stifle your reason. You have not quite corrected yourself; you have still certain fits and starts, all that is good for nothing. Do you see that automaton yonder; there is a model; one would take him for a man; he speaks and writes, but never anything of his own, always things learned by rote; if he moves, it is because a thread sets him in motion.

"If you knew how very superior a machine is to life, you would no longer want to live, and every thing would go on better. How very advantageously might you replace that feverish circulation of the blood, that variable play of the muscles and fibres, by those fine brass machines, so charming to behold, with the regular movements of their springs, wheels, and pistons."

Many do all they can to approach this ideal. If they did attain it, if the metamorphosis were accomplished, it is plain what would become of life.

And what would become of science? First, there would be suspected sciences, and others less suspected to be kept to themselves, like secret instruments. The mathematical and physical sciences would find favour, as machinism and thaumaturgy, — favour for a time. For after all, they are sciences; they would have to be put on their trial. Astronomy already condemned with Galileo, could hardly defend itself. The *Anti-Copernicus*, which they sell (at the church door) after the sermon, would kill Copernicus. The *four rules* perhaps might be preserved? At the utmost!

They would be obliged, on account of the service, to preserve a little Latin, but no Latin literature, excepting editions arranged by the Jesuits. Literature and modern philosophy are almost entirely nothing but heresies; they would be banished *en masse*. How much more then Oriental learning, which has now taken the fancy to appear as a brother to Christianity, and under Christian forms! Let us make haste to hush up such a science; let nobody speak of it.

No more science. A little art is sufficient, a devout art. — But which one, and of what period? —The middle ages are too severe — Raphaël is too pagan. — Poussin is a philosopher. — Champagne is

a Jansenist. Luckily, there is Mignard, and in his train a school of amiable painters to paint gallant allegories, emblems, and coquettish church practices, lately invented. Such matter dispenses with form; strolling painters would be quite sufficient, such as decorate with burlesque pictures the little chapels of Bavaria and Tyrol.

Why do you speak of art, of painting and sculpture? There is a very different art, which does not confine itself to the surface, but pierces within. An art that takes soft clay, an enervated, spoilt and corrupted soul, and which, instead of strengthening it, handles and works it, taking from it the little elasticity it had left, and makes of this clay — mud. A marvellous art, which renders penitence so agreeable to sick souls that they are ever wishing to confess, because to confess thus, is to sin again.

This gentle Casuistry, if she had not an equivocal look, would somewhat resemble Jurisprudence, whose little bastard sister she is; but, to make amends, how much more amiable she is! The former, with her frowning severity, would gain much by adopting the suavity of the other! Who would not like a Papinian mitigated by Escobar? Justice would at length grow so kind-hearted that she would lay aside her sword; she would give it up to these peaceful hands. A happy change, from Law to Grace! Law judges according to deserts; grace chooses, distinguishes and favours; there would be law for some, and grace for others, — which is just the contrary of law.

So now we have got rid of law, as well as of art and science. What remains? Religion!

Alas! It was Religion that died first. If she had lived, every thing might still have been remade, or rather nothing would have perished. — What remains, is a machine, which plays religion, and counterfeits adoration, very like those instruments, used by devotees in certain Eastern countries, which pray in their stead, imitating, with a monotonous sound, the mumbling of prayers.

We have now descended very low, very far into the regions of death. — We are in utter darkness.

In this boundless night, where is she who had promised to enlighten us still, over the ruins of empires and religions, — where is Philosophy? A pale luminary, void of heat, upon the icy summit of abstraction; — her lamp is extinguished. — And she fancies she still lives, and without either voice or breath, she is begging pardon for living of Theology, who is no more.

Let us awake! — Thanks be to God! — All this was only a dream! I see the world again; it lives. Modern genius is still what it

was. Though relaxed perhaps for a moment, it is nevertheless living, powerful, and immense. It is its colossal height that has hitherto prevented it from paying attention to the clamours below.

It had something else to do, when with one hand, it was exhuming twenty religions, and with the other measuring the sky, when, every day, unknown arts, like so many sparks, were flashing from its brow. — Yes, it was thinking of something else, and it is very excusable for it not to have noticed that these men were preparing some sort of little box in which they were to imprison the giant.

The wisdom of the ancient East, profound under its infantine form, tells us, that an unlucky genius was shut up in a bronze vase. He, so swift and immense, who, with one waving of his wings reached the poles, was now shut up in a vase, sealed with a leaden seal, and the vase cast to the bottom of the sea!

In the first century, the captive swore that he would give an empire to whoever should set him free. In the second century, he swore he would give all the treasures hidden in the bowels of the earth. In the third century, he swore that if ever he escaped, he would come out like a flame and devour every thing.

Who, then, are you, to think you are going to seal up the vase, and fancy you will imprison there the living genius of France? To do so, have you, as in the Eastern tale, the seal of great Solomon? That seal contained a charm; it had upon it an indelible motto which you will never know.

No hand is strong enough to compress, not for three centuries, but for one instant, the terrible elasticity of an all-powerful spirit. Find me some rock heavy enough to set upon it; some mass of lead or iron. Put rather the whole globe upon it, and it will prove too light. If the globe were heavy enough, if you had shut up every issue and carefully examined it all round, yet, by some crevice that you had not seen, the flame would blaze up to heaven!

Let us conclude here. We have attained the end of these lectures, studied first the living organism of the true middle ages, then the sterile machinism of the false middle ages which wishes to impose itself upon us; we have characterised and signalised the *spirit of death* and the *spirit of life*.

Had a professor of morality and history the right to discuss the highest question of history and morals?

It was not only his right, but his duty. If any one doubted it, it was apparently because he did not know that here, in the highest

stage of public instruction, science is not the knowledge of this or of that, but simply knowledge, absolute, complete, and living; it sways the interests of life, rejects its passion, but takes its light. Every belongs to it.

"But are not the questions of the present excepted from it?" But what is the present? Is it so easy to detach it from the past? No time is apart from science; even the future belongs to it in studies sufficiently advanced to be able to predict the return of phenomena, as may be done in the physical sciences, and as it will be possible some day to do (conjecturally) in the historical sciences.

This right, of which the ecclesiastical chair has so violently taken possession for personal attack, the lay chair will here exercise pacifically, and according to the bounds which the changes of times may require.

If there be in the world any one chair that has this right, it is this; that is its very birth-right, and they who know how it has been paid for will not dispute it.

During the terrible intestine broils of the sixteenth century, when liberty ventured to come into the world — when the new comer, bruised and bleeding, seemed scarcely likely to live — our kings, in spite of all that could be said against her, sheltered her here.

But the storm came from the four quarters of the globe. School-Divinity protested, ignorance was furious, and falsehood murmured from the pulpit of truth; soon fanaticism rising up in arms, besieged these doors; that mad fury imagined, doubtless, it could strangle the mind and poignard the spirit!

Ramus was teaching here. The king, Charles IX., felt a generous impulse, and sent him word that there was an asylum in the Louvre. Ramus persisted. There was no longer any thing free in France but this little place,—the six square feet of this chair—enough for a chair, enough for a grave!

He defended this place and this right, and he saved the future; here he poured out his blood, his life, his free heart. So that this chair, being transformed, was never either stone or wood, but a living thing.

Accordingly, be not surprised if the enemies of liberty cannot look upon this chair; they lose countenance when they look at it, shrink involuntarily, and betray themselves by inarticulate cries, savage noises, any thing but human.

They know it has preserved a gift, which is, that if they prevailed some day, if every voice were silent, it would speak of itself; no terror from without ever imposed silence upon it, either in 1572 or in 1793; it spoke lately during the riots, and continued its firm and peaceful lectures, amid the discharges of musketry.

How then could this chair of morality have remained silent, when the most serious question of public morality came crying towards it, forcing, so to speak, the very doors of this college?

I should have been very unworthy ever to speak here, if I had kept silence, when my friends were menaced in every part of France and reproached with my tradition and my friendship. Though I left the University upon entering here, I have not left it in heart. I still belong to it, by my philosophical and historical teaching, and by the many laborious years that I have passed with my pupils, and which will ever be fondly remembered by them and by me.

In this common danger, it was due to them to let them hear once more a well-known voice, to tell them that, happen what may, there will always be here a protestation for the independence of history, which is the judge of ages, and for the highest of the liberties of the human mind, — philosophy.

I know there are people who, caring neither about philosophy nor liberty, will not at all feel obliged to us for having broken silence, — peaceable people, the friends of order, who are not angry with those who are slaughtered, but with those who cry out; they call out from their windows, when people are crying for help, "Why all that noise at this unseasonable hour? Let honest people go to sleep?"

These systematic sleepers, who are in search of a powerful narcotic, have done this honour to religion—to believe it was good for that. Religion, which, if the world were dead, could awaken the dead, is precisely what they have taken as a potion to lull them to sleep.

Skilful people in other things, but very excusable for not knowing any thing of religion, because they have nothing religious in their heart—people were not wanting who came instantly and said to them: "We are religion!"

Religion! it is fortunate that you restore it to us. But who are you, good people? and whence do you come? which way have you passed? The French sentinels did not properly watch the frontier on that night, for they did not see you.

From countries which write books, we had received books, foreign literature, foreign systems of philosophy, which we had accepted. The countries which write no books, not wishing to be behind, have sent us men; an invasion of people who have passed over one by one.

O you who travel by night, I had seen you by day; I remember it but too well, and those who brought you here: it was in 1815; and your name is — *Strangers*.

Luckily, you have taken care to prove it in the very outset. Instead of being cautious and speaking low, as people do when they

enter by surprise, you have been noisy, insulting, and menacing. And as no answer was returned, you have raised your hand, — against whom, ye miserable? — against the law!

How can you expect that the law, insulted by you, can any longer pretend not to see you?

The cry of alarm has gone forth; and who will dare to say that it was too soon?

What! Was it too soon, when, reviving what had not been seen for three hundred years, they employed the sacred pulpit to defame such a person, and calumniate him before the altar!

Was it too soon, when, in the province where there is the greatest number of Protestants, they were meddling with dead Protestants?

Was it too soon, when they were forming immense associations, one of which, at Paris, is composed of fifty thousand persons?

You speak of liberty! Speak also of equality! Is there equality between you and us? You are the leaders of formidable associations; we but single individuals.

You have forty thousand pulpits, which you set a-preaching by fair means or by foul; you have a hundred thousand confessionals, whence you disturb our families; you hold in your hands what constitutes the basis of families (and of the world!) — you have the MOTHER in your clutches: the child is only an accessory. Why! what can the father do when she returns home horror-struck, and casts herself into his arms, crying out, "I am damned!" You are sure that the next morning he will give you his son. Twenty thousand children in your little seminaries! Two hundred thousand presently in the schools that you direct! And millions of women, who are entirely guided by you!

And what are we in presence of those immense powers? a voice, and nothing more; — a voice to cry out to France. Now she is warned; let her do as she pleases. She sees and feels the net in which they expected to catch her when asleep.

To all loyal hearts one last word! To all, whether laymen or clergy (and may the latter hear a free voice in their abject slavery!): let them help us with their courageous voice, or with their silent sympathy; and may they all together bless with their hearts and altars the holy crusade which we are beginning for God and Liberty!

Since the day when those words were pronounced (June 1st) the state of things has altered. The Jesuits have published their second pamphlet at Lyons.* To understand the full meaning of it, we must begin further back.

A whole book might be written about their manœuvres during the last few months, and about their strategy in Switzerland and in France.

Their starting-point is their great winter success, their having so rapidly made themselves masters of the *Petits Cantons*, seized on Lucerne, occupied St. Gothard, as they had long before *le Valais* and *le Simplon*.

Great military positions. But beware of giddiness! France, seen from the top of those Alps, may have seemed small to them, smaller apparently than the lake of the *Quatre Cantons*.

From the Alps to Fourvières, and thence to Paris, the signals have answered one another. The moment seemed favourable . . . Good easy France was asleep, or seemed to be so. They wrote to one another (like the Jews of Portugal formerly), "Come quickly, the land is good, the people stupid, every thing will be ours."

For a whole year they had been trying us, and found no limits to our patience. Provocations to individuals, insults against the government. But nothing moved. — They struck, but not a

* This time, it is no longer a canon but a *curé* who signs. The appeal of the press to the lower clergy had created much alarm; in the new pamphlet they hasten to arrange matters with them: of the two things demanded by the *curé's desservants* (*irrevocableness* and the right of being tried by the tribunals), they grant them the former, which would make the *curés* independent of the bishopric. But they are afraid of the tribunals; which, though limiting the power of the bishop, would in reality strengthen it, and make of the *évêché* a regular government, instead of a feeble violent tyranny, odious to the clergy, and therefore obliged to lean for support on the Jesuits and Rome. — See *Simple Coup-d'œil*, p. 170—178. The hand of the Jesuits is everywhere recognisable; nobody can mistake it. I could give, if necessary, a multitude of proofs. We have just seen with what facility they make peace with the *curés* at the expense of the bishop: they agree that, after all, "the bishop is a man," &c. They speak of all the states in Europe, except of those which are governed by Jesuits; the latter they scarcely mention, and there are some they do not even name — "This term *Jesuit, so honourable* everywhere," p. 85. Nobody in France, not even a Jesuit, could have written that: the book must have been made in Savoy or at Fribourg.

word. They were trying to find out some still sensitive point in our hard skin.

Then they became wonderfully bold; they cast away their cudgels, took the sword, the two-handed sword, and with this gothic weapon aimed a blow, a famous blow,—their newspaper the *Monopole*.

The dignity of the university did not allow it to reply. But others stood forward, the press aiding them, and before their steel armour, the famous two-handed sword turned out to be nothing but a wooden sabre.

Then, a great trepidation, a quick retreat, and the expression of unaffected fear: "Alas! why should you kill us? We do not exist!"

"But then, who could have libelled you so tremendously?"—"Ah! sir, it was *the police* that played us that trick.—No, it was *the university*, which, to ruin us, has been wicked enough to defame itself."*

However, recovering gradually from their first terror, feeling they were not dead, and looking round, they saw that nobody was running after them,—then they stopped short, showed a firm front, and barked again.

Then, a new libel, but quite different from the former, full of strange confessions which nobody expected. It may be thus summed up:—

"Learn to know us; and know, first of all, that in our first book we told lies. We spoke of the *liberty of teaching;* that meant that the clergy alone were to teach.† We spoke of the *liberty of the press*—for ourselves alone; 'It is a lever of which the priest ought to get possession.'‡ As to the *liberty of industry*, 'to get hold of the different kinds of industry is a duty of the church.'§ *Liberty of worship!* Speak not of it! It is an invention of Julian the Apostate. We will no longer allow any mixed marriages! Such marriages

* It is certain (strange as it may appear) that they caused this nonsense to be spread abroad in their first alarm. It was an old woman, a beadle, a giver of holy water, who whispered that in your ear.

† Teaching belongs to the clergy by divine right. The university has usurped it. Either the University or Catholicism must give way, &c. p. 104.

‡ *To get possession of the press*, does not mean simply *to use the press*, since the authors avow their efforts to *prevent* the sale of protestant books. (p. 81. note.)

§ *Ibid.*, p. 191. If people want to know what would become of industry under such an influence, they must look at the misery of the majority of the countries where it prevails. The one in which it rules uncontrolled,—the Roman state, is a desert.

were made, at the court of Catherine de Medicis, on the eve of St. Bartholomew ! *

' Let people take care ! We are the stronger party. We give a surprising, but unanswerable proof of it, which is, that all the powers of Europe are against us †; except two or three petty states, the whole world condemns us."

Strange, that such confessions should have escaped them. We have never said any thing so strong. We certainly remarked in the first pamphlet some tokens of a wandering mind; but such avowals, such a giving the lie to their own words spoken but yesterday ! There is in that a terrible judgment of God. Let us humble ourselves.

That is what comes of their having taken the holy name of Liberty in vain. You believed it was a word that might be spoken with impunity when one has it not in the heart. You have made furious efforts to give utterance to that name; and that has happened to you which befell the false prophet Balaam ‡, who cursed while he thought to bless ; you wanted to lie once more; you wished to say *Liberty !* as in your first pamphlet, but you said *Death to Liberty!* All that you had denied, you are now shouting in the streets.

* The Jesuit who wrote pp. 82—85., and especially the note of p. 83., is a promising man : he is still young and ignorant, — that is very plain, but he has in him something of a Jacques Clement or a Marat.

These pages, more violent than all that has been condemned in the most violent political pamphlets, seem combined to exasperate the fanaticism of the peasants in the South. It is for the South alone that the book was written : not one copy was sent to Paris. In the note, the warlike Jesuit takes a review of his forces, and finishes with this sinister sentence: " In the sixteenth century, at the court of Catherine de Medicis, THEY MADE ALSO HUGUENOT MARRIAGES, . . . and they ended in civil war." — *Simple Coup-d'œil*, &c. p. 83.

† They employ a good third of the book to prove it.

‡ The learned author has here, in the hurry of the moment, made use of an unlucky simile. Balaam, every reader will remember, blessed, though he had intended to curse. — TR.

M. QUINET'S LECTURES.

INTRODUCTION.

THE emotion occasioned by a simple philosophical discussion can be attributed to no one in particular: this impression has been keen only because it has manifested, with a new situation of minds, a danger in the existence of which, people would otherwise, have found it difficult to believe. Who does not perceive that these discussions henceforth are destined to increase? They will spread far beyond the limits of our schools; they will enter the political world; nothing then is useless that may serve to show their true character from the very commencement.

To engage me to take a part in this discussion, two things were necessary; first, that I should be provoked to it by repeated violence, and, secondly, that I should feel convinced that the matter in dispute was, under the semblance of the University, the liberty of thought, religious and philosophical liberty; that is to say, the very principle of science and modern society.

After having made use of all the violence they could, the adversaries of the mind are now acting the part of martyrs; they are praying publicly in the churches for the persecuted Jesuits; — that is a mask which it is impossible for us to allow them to wear. Why did they not remain satisfied with calumniating? For my part, I would never have troubled their peace: but that was not enough; they wanted a battle; and, now they have had it, they complain of having been wounded.

For some days we were allowed to see our modern leaguers in front of our chairs, shouting, hissing, and vociferating: the worst is, that it all took place in the name of liberty. For the better promotion of the independence of opinions, they began by stifling the examination thereof.

They were gradually making a blockade of teaching and science. We waited till outrage assailed us, in order that it might be well demon-

strated that it was necessary to turn the attack against our assailants. The day we began the contest, we resolved to accept it under whatever form it might appear.

One thing rendered this task easy for me; it was the feeling that this position of things contained nothing personal. For a long time, indeed, we had seen an artificial fanaticism speculating on sincere belief; religious liberty denounced as an impious dogma; Protestantism driven to despair by unheard of outrages; the pastors of Alsatia obliged, by a collective declaration, to calm their parishioners, astounded by so many savage provocations; an incredible decree obtained by surprise, which carried off more than half our country churches from their lawful possessors; a priest who, assisted by his parishioners, scatters the ashes of the Reformers in the wind; and this impiety done with insolent impunity*; the bust of Luther shamefully dragged away from a Lutheran city; the latent organised warfare in that wise province, and the tribune silent about such strange plottings; again, the Jesuits twice as numerous under the Revolution as they were under the Restoration, and with them the maxims of the body which immediately re-appear, — unspeakable infamies, which Pascal would not even have dared to put forth for the purpose of refuting them, but which they now claim as food for all the seminaries and all the confessors in France; bishops, who turn round, one after another, against the authority which elected them, and in spite of so many treacherous desertions, a singular facility of causing more; the lower clergy in absolute servitude; a new body of proletaries, who are growing bold enough even to utter a complaint; and, amid this concourse of things, when they ought to be thinking only of defending themselves, a feverishness for provoca-

* The *Consistoire* of Paris, alluding to the same fact, in a solemn *discours d'inauguration*, pronounced in presence of the Minister of Public Worship, expresses himself in the same terms as myself: *our tombs profaned with impunity*. See *Inauguration de l'Eglise évangélique de la Rédemption*, printed in virtue of a council of the *Consistoire*, p. 19.

Some Neo-Catholics, in spite of that, have thought proper to denounce my words to the tribunals. Those words were written under the impression of a judgment *de première instance*, which declared the accused ecclesiastic's conduct *culpable* and *irregular*. A new judgment has fully acquitted him. According to his advocates, he did not scatter the ashes of the Reformers in the wind; he only *looked at the dust* at the bottom of the tombs, and *moved away a little the communion table* of Protestant worship. I respect the decision of these tribunals, though I think they are not the judges of the piety or impiety of actions. How long has it been sufficient for a priest to be in due order as far as concerns the *police correctionelle*? Without violating police ordinances, may he not offend what is most sacred in the religious conscience? It is not the correctional tribunal that *punishes impiety*, but ecclesiastical authority. Our adversaries are always confounding police and religion.

tion, a burning desire for calumny, which they sanctify by the cross; such was the general state of things.

The ground was, moreover, well prepared. They had been for several years working society high and low; in our workshops, and in our schools; by the heart, and by the head. Opinion seemed to yield on every occasion. Being accustomed to give way, why should it not retreat one step further? At the first word, Jesuitism had naturally found itself in harmony with Carlism, in one same spirit of intrigue and varnished decrepitude; and what Saint Simon calls *the scum of the nobility* had not failed to mix themselves up with this leaven. As to a part of the Bourgeoisie, busied in counterfeiting a false remnant of aristocracy, they were very near considering as a mark of good taste the imitation of our religious, literary, and social decay.

Thus carefully prepared, the moment seemed favourable for surprising those whom they thought asleep. They had perceived very plainly that, after so much declamation, it would be a decisive affair to annihilate the freedom of speech and teaching in the college of France. What they would have obtained by a *coup de main*, they would have immediately represented as the result of provoked opinion; it was well worth while to emerge from the catacombs, and show themselves publicly. Accordingly they showed themselves, but only to repent of it immediately; for, if their projects were violent, we felt, on our side, the importance of the moment: to resist them, we relied, not on the power of our language, but on our determination not to yield a point, and on the enlightened conscience of our auditory. All that genuine or counterfeited frenzy has been able to do, was to drown our voice for a short time, in order to give public feeling the opportunity of bursting forth; after which, these new missionaries of religious liberty retired, enraged in their hearts, ashamed of having betrayed themselves in open daylight; and ready to disown themselves, as, indeed, they did, the very next day.

This defeat is entirely due to the power of opinion, to that of the press, and to the right-heartedness of the new generation, that cannot understand so many artifices. Should the same folly recommence, we should find to-morrow the same support. The question, in some respects, no longer concerns us; it remains to know what the political power intends to do whenever it has to meet it. It would be convenient enough to settle down in both camps; to attack Ultramontanism with one hand, and caress it with the other. But that situation is dangerous. They must decide. I shall not be the person to deny the power of Jesuitism, and the interests connected with it. This tendency is only just beginning: it is gaining noiselessly in the dark what it loses in broad daylight. They may, therefore,

form an alliance with it; they may try to rest one foot of the throne upon that ground. If by chance the coalition is sincere, it will be powerful. Only it is necessary to confess it; otherwise, it might happen that, at length, as a reward for too much cunning, they might bring down upon themselves both the *Ultramontanists* and those who oppose them.

It is strange that such questions should have taken society by surprise, without the Chamber having given any body notice of it. During the Restoration it was an exalted place, whence they perceived from afar the signs of the tempest. From that spot they warned the country a long time before the danger became imminent. Why has the *tribune* lost that privilege? I begin to fear that those four hundred statesmen hide from one another the country they inhabit.

This is more serious than many people think. It jeopardises a throne,—a dynasty. I know men who go about every day saying, "There are no Jesuits." "Where are the Jesuits?" By dissembling the question, those men show that they know better than any others the whole extent of it.

The religious reaction, which they would like to turn to the profit of a sect, is not, indeed, unaccountable in society. Where is the man who has not been, as if designedly, disgusted with political interests and hopes? On seeing for the last twelve years what is called party-leaders employ all their talent to help one another carefully to wear their masks in public, where is the man who has not, some moment or other, disdained this corruption, transformed into routine, and who has not turned his mind towards Him who alone neither deceives, cheats, nor lies? This religious disposition is inevitable. It will be fruitful and salutary. Unfortunately, every body is already hastening to speculate upon this reaction: there are some even who confess that this religion, thus restored, may become an excellent *instrument* for the present power. How fortunate, indeed, for more than one statesman, if our dignified, warlike, revolutionary, and philosophical France, at length weary of every thing and of herself, consented, without any more political fervour, to tell her beads in the dust, by the side of Italy, Spain, and South America!

They say, "You act prudently in attacking Jesuitism. Why do you separate it from the rest of the clergy?" I separate only what wishes to be separated. I expose the maxims of the order, which sum up the combinations of political religion. They who, without having the name of the order, dabble in the same maxims, will easily attribute to themselves whatever part of my language applies to them; as to the others, an opportunity is presented to them to disown the ambitious, to collect those gone astray, and to condemn the calumniators.

It is time to know, at length, whether the spirit of the French Revolution is now nothing but a vulgar word, which one may sport with publicly and officially. Does Catholicism, by placing itself under the banner of Jesuitism, wish to recommence a war which has already been fatal to it? Does it want to be the friend or the enemy of France?

The worst thing it could do would be to be bent on showing that its profession of faith is, not only different, but hostile to that of the state. In her institutions, founded upon the equality of existing forms of worship, France professes and teaches the unity of Christianity, under the diversity of particular churches. Here is her confession, as it is written in the sovereign law —; all Frenchmen belong legally to one same church, under different names; henceforth there are no heretics* and schismatics but those who, denying every other church — every other authority but their own, wish to impose it on all others, reject all others without discussion, and are so bold as to say, "Out of my church, no salvation;" when the state says precisely the reverse. It was not a mere caprice, if the law broke up the religion of the state. France, to represent the latter, could not adopt Ultramontanism, which, by its principle of exclusion is diametrically the opposite of the social dogma and the religious community, which are inscribed in the constitution as the result, not only of the Revolution, but of all modern history. Whence it follows that, for things to be otherwise, either France must deny her political and social communion, or else Catholicism must become truly universal, by at length comprehending what it remains satisfied with cursing.

They who take the broadest view of things entertain, we must confess, a singular hope; they watch the work now going on among dissenting forms of worship; remarking the intestine agitations in the English and Greek churches, and in German Protestantism, they imagine that England, Prussia, Germany, and even Russia, are secretly inclining towards their side, and will, one day, blindly pass over to Catholicism, as they understand the word. Nothing, in reality, is more puerile than such an idea. To suppose that schism is only a caprice of ninety millions of men, which is about to cease through some new fancy of orthodoxy, is a sort of madness in men who pretend to the exclusive possession of the confidence of Providence in the government of history. If Protestantism is accommodating itself to certain points of the Catholic doctrine, do people really fancy that it is merely to renounce itself, and to give itself up without reciprocal conditions? It is true it is assimilating different parts of the universal tradition; but, by that work of conciliation, it is doing absolutely the opposite of what those among us are doing, who think

* See the Appendix.

only of excluding, excommunicating, and anathematizing. Protestantism is growing larger, while Catholicism is becoming narrower; and if ever the conversion take place, I prophesy to our *Ultramontanists* that they will be much more embarrassed with their converts than they now are with the schismatics.

They demand liberty, in order to stifle liberty. Grant them that weapon,—I have no objection; it will not be long before it turns against them. Open to them, if you will, every barrier; it is the way to decide the question the sooner, and this way does not displease me. Let them be everywhere, let them invade everything; after which, ten years will not pass over without their being driven out, for the fortieth time, along with the government which will have been, or only seemed to be, their accomplice: it is for you to know whether that is what you want to do.

In this struggle, which they pretend to renew at all hazards, between Ultramontanism and the French Revolution, how is it that the former is always and necessarily vanquished? Because, the French Revolution, in its principle, is more truly Christian than Ultramontanism; because the sentiment of universal religion is henceforth rather in France than at Rome. The law sprung from the French Revolution has been comprehensive enough to allow those to live one same life, whom religious parties kept outwardly separate. The law has conciliated in spirit and truth those whom Ultramontanism wanted to divide for ever; it has made brethren of those of whom the latter made sectaries; it has comforted what the other condemns; it has consecrated what the other proscribes; and where the latter insists on having the anathema of the old law, the former has introduced the alliance of the Gospel; it has effaced the names of Huguenots and Papists, to allow only that of Christians to subsist; it has spoken for nations and for the feeble, whilst the other spoke only for princes and for the powerful. That is to say, political law, however imperfect it may be, has at length been found to be more conformable to the Gospel than the doctors who pretend to speak alone in the name of the Gospel. By assembling, mingling, and uniting in the State the opposite members of the family of Christ, it has shown more intelligence, more love, and more Christian feeling than they who, for the last three centuries, have only been able to say Raca to the half of Christendom.

As long as political France will maintain this position in the world, she will be impregnable against all the efforts of Ultramontanism, since, religiously speaking, she is superior to it; she is more Christian, since she is nearer to the promised unity; she is more Catholic, since her more comprehensive principle, once more, brings together the Greek and the Latin, the Lutheran and the Calvinist, the Pro-

testant and the Roman, in one same law, one same name, one same life, one same city of alliance. France has been the first to place her flag, apart from all sects, in the living idea of Christianity. This is the grandeur of the Revolution; neither will it fall, unless, faithless to this universal dogma, it shrink back, as some people invite it to do, into the sectarian policy of Ultramontanism.

But, to support so much pride, let them show me at least one spot of ground where an exclusively Catholic policy is not defeated and overthrown by facts. In Europe, in the East, and in North and South America, only raise this banner, and a physical and moral decline begin from that very moment. When France, in the beginning of this century, had the empire of the world, was it in the name of Ultramontanism? Was it even Ultramontanism that conquered her? It is not even the standard of Austria; she only lets loose her church at a distance from her to complete the subjection of conquered provinces. Italy, Spain, Portugal, Paraguay, Poland, Ireland, and Bohemia; all those nations lost in consequence of the same policy! Say, is it their fate you envy? Let us speak frankly. We have there victims enough on an altar that can no longer save anybody.

LECTURE I.

ON THE LIBERTY OF DISCUSSION IN RELIGIOUS MATTERS.

May 10th, 1843.

VARIOUS circumstances oblige me to explain what I mean by the exercise of free discussion in public teaching. I will do so with moderation and calmly, but with the most perfect freedom. As long as attacks proceeded from a distance, even though accompanied with the anathema of mandates and of sacred pulpits, it was admissible and perhaps expedient, to remain silent; but when insult comes boldly forward within these walls, at the very foot of these peaceful chairs, we are obliged to speak.

I am informed that scenes of disorder have been prepared, and are to burst out during the lecture of to-day (*sneers and applause*).* I should not put any confidence in this news if, after what has just taken place at the lecture of my dearest friend, M. Michelet, all of whose sentiments I share, I did not clearly perceive what kind of liberty it wished to give us. Is it true that some people come here only to insult us *incognito*, in case we should venture to differ from them in opinion? But where, then, are we? Is this a theatre? and since when have I been condemned, for my part, to please individually each of the spectators under pain of infamy? That would be, indeed, a sordid task, and one which I never undertook. Only imagine a course of lectures that would consist of flattering everybody according to his prevailing idea, without ever ruffling any passion or any prejudice?

It would be a hundred-fold better to remain silent. Let us remember that, on entering here, we enter the college of France, that is to say, what is superlatively the asylum of discussion and free examination; that this depository of liberty has been entrusted to all of us, and that it is a sacred duty for me to allow no decrease nor alteration in this character of hereditary independence. Should there be here any persons animated against me by any particular spirit of hatred, what is it they want, what do they demand? Do

* I have noted the signs of sympathy of the auditory, whenever there was any occasion to mark attempted disturbances.

they hope by menaces to turn aside my words or to shut my mouth? I should rather fear the contrary, if the deep knowledge of the duty I discharge did not give me the fortitude to persevere in that moderation which I believe to be the mark of truth. Do they think, since we must speak undisguisedly, that so many published insults reduce me to despair, and that I have nothing more urgent than to make use of retaliation? If so, they are mistaken. I will even go so far as to say that the violence of their insults is in my opinion a mark of sincerity, since with a little more reflection they would have been better selected. Or do they come here to persecute me for the opinions I have published elsewhere? I am not sorry to have the opportunity of making this declaration: all I have written up to the present moment, I believe, think, and still maintain; whatever be the opinion formed of this matter, nobody shall contest my being ever the same and consistent with myself. Is it the general spirit of freedom in religious matters? I shall presently come to that point; if, however, they want a confession of faith, I believe, as the state teaches, in the fundamental law sprung from fifty years of revolutions and trials, I believe that there is some of the living spirit of God in all the sincere communions of this country; and I do not believe that out of my church there is no salvation. Lastly, is it the manner in which I lately announced the subject of these lectures? But, you were witnesses if it was possible to do so with less bitterness or more moderation. It is then the subject itself that they want to stifle. Yes, let us be candid; it is the word *Jesuits* which has given all the offence; handling the origin and spirit of the Jesuits, is, even before I open my mouth, what I am accused of by men who never forgive.

Why speak, say they, of the *Society of Jesus* in lectures on Southern literature? What relation can things, so different, bear to each other? I should be very unfortunate, and should have strangely wasted my time, if you had not already perceived this indissoluble connection in its whole extent. At the end of the sixteenth century, public spirit in Spain, and especially in Italy, lies completely dormant. Writers, poets, artists, disappear one after the other; instead of the ardent intrepid generation that had gone before, the new race of men slumber in an atmosphere of death. We no longer find the heroic innovations of the Campanellas and Brunos, but honied rhymes and an insipid prose spreading as it were a loathsome sepulchral odour. But, whilst every thing is dying in the national genius, we find a little society, that of the Jesuits, visibly increasing, insinuating itself every where in those declining states, feeding on the little life that remains in the heart of Italy, increasing and fattening itself with the substance of that great divided body;

and when so great a phenomenon is passing in the world, holding sway over all other intellectual facts, and being their very principle, we must not speak of it! When, in my subject, I meet face to face so powerful an institution, reacting upon every mind, comprehending and being a summary of all the system of the south, — I must pass it by and turn away my eyes! What then remains for me to do? To confine myself to the study of a few sonnets and to the gallant mythology of that period of decline? I am very willing to do so; but in spite of that, we shall not escape the question. For after studying those miserable productions, it will still remain to make known the deleterious influence which has been one of their manifest principles, and by postponing the question of Jesuitism, the only difference will be to invert the order of things, and to place that last which ought to be first. The study of the death of nations, if we seek its cause, is as important as the study of their life.

At all events, say they, could you not show the effect without the cause, literature and policy without the spirit which sways them, Italy without Jesuitism, the dead without the living? No, I cannot, and what is more, I will not.

What! am I, after attentive observation, to see Southern Europe consume herself in the formation and development of that institution, languish and expire under its influence; and yet I, who am especially engaged here with the nations of the South, may not say anything about what is causing their destruction. (*Murmurs.*) Shall I calmly see my country invited to an alliance which others have paid so dearly, without being allowed to say "Take care, others have made the experiment for you; the nations that are the greatest sufferers in Europe, those which have the least credit and authority, those which seem to be the most forsaken by God, are those with whom the society of Loyola has made its abode! (*Murmurs, hooting and stamping of feet; my voice was drowned for several minutes.*) Do not walk on that slippery path, experience has proved it to be fatal; do not go and sit under that shadow, it has for two centuries lulled to sleep and poisoned Spain and Italy." (*Uproar, hooting, hissing, and clapping of hands.*) I ask you, if I may not from these general facts deduce the conclusion, what must become of all genuine teaching in such matters?

But here my astonishment is redoubled. For what order, or for what society is this strange privilege claimed? Whom do they want, in this case, to place beyond the reach of discussion and observation? Is it perchance, at least the living clergy of France? Is it again one of those peaceful and retired communions who require to be protected against the violence of an intolerant

majority? No, it is a society which has been (we shall afterwards see, whether right or wrong) expelled, at different periods, from all the states of Europe, which the pope himself has condemned, which France has spurned from her bosom, which in the eyes of the state does not exist, or rather, is considered as legally dead in the public law of our country; and it is this nameless remnant, which skulks and sneaks about, increasing by denying itself, which we are not allowed to study, consider, and analyse in its origin and history. It is acknowledged that all the other orders have had their period of decline and corruption, and that they have been adapted in their spirit to a particular period, after which they have been obliged to yield to others, nearly in the way as political societies, states, and nations, all of which have their day and their destiny sketched out; and yet the society of the Jesuits is the only one of which one cannot, without danger, show the miseries, indicate the phases of decline, and the signs of decrepitude; it is blasphemy to oppose its period of misery to its hours of grandeur, since it is attributing to it the vicissitudes common to all other establishments; to doubt of its immutability is almost a courageous effort. Where are we going to by that road? Is that indeed the road of our revolutionary France of July? (*Applause.*)

However, I will frankly state my whole opinion. Yes, there is something in this audacity which delights and charms me; I seem at this moment to comprehend and to show better than all its apologists, the grandeur of that society; for they would like me not to speak of it; but I maintain, on the contrary, that this society has been so powerful, its organisation so ingenious and vivacious, and its influence so lasting and universal, that it is impossible not to speak of it, whatever be the matter we treat at the end of the revival of letters, whether poetry, art, morals, policy, or institutions; I maintain that after having seized on the substance of all the South, it has remained for half a century alone alive in the bosom of those dead societies. At this very moment, all in tatters, trampled upon and crushed by so many solemn edicts, to revive before our face and half stand up, and when scarcely raised from the dust, to speak already in the tone of a master, again provoking, menacing, and defying intelligence and common sense, is a proof of no small genius and courage.

If the world, after having extirpated them, is disposed to let them lay hold on it again, they do very well to try; if they succeed, it will be the greatest miracle in the modern world. In every case they are following their law, their condition of existence, their destiny. I do not blame them, they are obeying their character. Every thing will go on well if, on the other hand, every body remains in

his own. Yes, this reaction, in spite of the intolerance of which it boasts, does not displease me; it will be profitable for the future if every body does his duty; that is to say, if science, philosophy, and the human intellect, being provoked and challenged, at length accept this grand defiance. Perhaps we were near dozing in the quiet possession of a certain number of ideas which many persons no longer thought of increasing: it is good that from time to time man should have to struggle for the possession of truth; that excites him to acquire more: if he has nothing to fear about his inheritance, not only does he not augment it, but he allows it to decrease. They accuse us of having been too bold. I will accept a part of the reproach; only I must say that instead of having been too bold, I begin to fear we have been but too timid. Compare, indeed, for a moment, teaching in our country with that in the universities of the despotic governments of the North. Was it not in a Catholic country and in a Catholic university, at Munich, that Schelling developed in his chair for thirty years, with impunity, and with increasing boldness, the idea of this new Christianity, of this new Church, which is transforming at once the past and the future? Was it not in a despotic country that Hégel, with still greater independence, revived all the questions relating to the dogma? and there, it is not only the theories and mysteries that are discussed freely by philosophy; but moreover, everywhere the letter of the Old and New Testament, to which is applied the same disinterested spirit of lofty criticism as to Greek and Roman philology.

Such is the life of teaching in even despotic states; every thing that can put man in the road to truth is allowed and granted. But for us, what have we done, we who live in a free country on the morrow of a revolution? Have we used well or ill that philosophical liberty which the times afforded us, so that nobody might deprive us of it? Have we displayed the standard of philosophy and free examination as far as we had the opportunity of doing so? Certainly not; as every body thought that independence was gained for ever, nobody hastened to make a full use of it. The boldest questions have been adjourned; and by measures of infinite precaution, they have wished to remove every occasion for dissent. Philosophy, which one would have expected to be excessively proud of the triumph of July, has on the contrary become cringingly submissive, to the surprise of all the world; and even that very humble position in which we naturally might expect to find tranquillity, is an asylum in which they are unwilling to let us remain. Must we then retreat, and yield still more? But by taking one step backward we should run a great risk of being cast back a whole century. What then must we do? Why, march forward. (*Applause.*) For my part, I

thank those who provoke us to action and to life. Who knows whether we should not, in the end, have sunk into a deceitful and unprofitable lethargy? Many thought that the alliance of belief and science was at length consummated, the goal attained, and the problem solved. Not so! Our adversaries are right: the hour of rest is not yet come! the struggle is profitable when sincerely accepted; for it is in these eternal struggles between science and belief that man rises to a superior science. Why should we be enfranchised from the condition of the holy combat imposed upon all preceding generations? The time will come when they who are now so violently disputing for the future, will meet, unite, and repose together: that moment is not yet come; till then, it is right that every body should perform his task and fight in his own manner, since, moreover, the alliance is broken on one side.

Once more I thank our opponents: they are following their mission, which, till now, through an immutable contradiction, has ever been to provoke and spur the human mind, to oblige it to go farther whenever it has been about to stop to delight in the quiet possession of only a part of the truth. Man is more timid than he seems: if he was never vexed, he would be too accommodating. Is not this his history during all the middle ages? and has not that history, that perpetual struggle, ever reanimating and exciting him, passed almost entirely into the very place where we are, upon this heroic mountain of Geneviève? Why be surprised at this combat? was it not here, in these chairs, that from Abélard down to Ramus, all those who have served the independence of the human mind, when it was the most contested, have ever shown themselves? That is our tradition; the spirit of those men is with us. Since the objections which they trod under foot, and which were thought to be buried with them for ever, now reappear, well then, let us imitate them; let us advance still further the standard of free discussion. (*Applause.*)

At the point at which we have now arrived, there is a fundamental question hidden at the bottom of all the difficulties, and upon which I wish to explain myself so clearly that no confusion may remain in the minds of those who listen to me. What is, according to the spirit of our new institutions, the right of discussion and examination in public teaching? or, in still more precise terms, is a man who teaches here publicly, in the name of the state, before men of different creeds, obliged to bind himself down to the letter of any one particular communion, to introduce this exclusive spirit into all his researches, and never to let anything appear that might for a moment separate him from it? If the reply be in the affirmative, I will then ask some one to be so bold as to tell me which is the

communion that ought to be sacrificed to the other, whether that which excludes all the others as so many errors, or that which accepts them as so many promises? For I do not imagine that any body would, without a moment's reflection, despoil the smaller number as if it did not exist. Shall I be here a Catholic or a Protestant? To state this question is to settle it.

When, during the Restoration, there existed a State religion, you saw teaching, notwithstanding that, derive a part of its illustration from its very liberty; on one side, a learnedly impartial Protestantism, on the other a boldly innovating Catholicism, meet together and mingle in one and the same community of ideas and the future. Now, what science, literature, and philosophy had revealed with so much splendour in theory, has been consummated in reality, in our institutions, by the Revolution of July. Now when there is no longer any State religion, how can they want the State publicly to establish intolerance here? It would be falsely contradicting its own dogma, and denying itself. I know but one way to introduce the spirit of exclusion into these chairs; which is, to let all our most recent *souvenirs* become obsolete, to annihilate all that has been done in open day, and, by a signal apostacy, to fall back for more than half a century. Till that day arrives, not only will it be lawful here, but it will be one of the consequences of the social dogma, to rise to a height where the divided, factious, and hostile churches may attract and conciliate one another. This point of view, which is that which France has adopted in her institutions, is also that of science, which lives not in the tumult of controversy, but in a region far more serene. If promised unity ought ever to be realised; if so many creeds, now opposed to and armed against one another, ought, as it has ever been announced, to meet together in the kingdom of the future; if one self-same Church ought, some day or other, to bring together tribes dispersed throughout the world; if the members of the human family secretly aspire to be confounded in the same bond of fellowship; if the vesture of Christ, for which they cast lots on Calvary, ought ever to re-appear entire; I say that science is performing a good work in being the first to enter upon this path of union. (*Applause.*) We shall ever have for our enemies those who love hatred and division in sacred things. No matter: we must persevere; man divides, but God unites. (*Applause.*)

Certainly, we must be wilfully blind not to see that a new religious light is dawning in the world. I feel so convinced of it that my ideas have ever been turned in that direction, and that it is, as I may say, almost impossible for me to separate any part of human affairs from religious influence. Man, for some time, has been so often deceived by man, that we must not be surprised if nothing but

God can excite his enthusiasm. But, this being admitted, who have been the first missionaries of this renewed Gospel? I answer: thinkers, writers, poets, and philosophers. Such are, beyond all dispute, the missionaries, who have been, everywhere, in France and in Germany, the first to recall that great fund of spirituality which is, as it were, the substance of every real faith. And yet how strange! Hardly had they consummated their task as harbingers, when they receive damnation!

It is supposed that since the human mind soars towards heaven, it is doubtless to deny itself and remain in a brutish superstition for ever; that the time is come to give the death-blow to the reason of all men; and that it is necessary to bury it as quickly as possible in that God whom it has just recovered of its own accord; and, as it has happened on every occasion, people are disputing for the exclusive property and the first fruits of this reviving Deity. But I see that that religious movement is more profound and universal than they are willing to let it appear. Every one pretends to confine, circumscribe, and immure it in a particular enclosure; but this Christ, aggrandised, renewed, and arisen a second time from the sepulchre, does not so easily allow himself to be enslaved; he gives himself, and shares his spirit equally among all. This great religious life appears not only in Catholicism, but also in Protestantism; not only in positive faith, but also in philosophy. This movement does not confine itself to the south of Europe; I see it equally fermenting among the Germanic and Sclávonic races, among those termed heretics as well as among the orthodox.

When all the nations of Europe thus feel themselves moved to their inmost souls by a kind of sacred presentiment of the future, there are men who think that all this movement might well be caused in the designs of Providence, for the simple re-establishment of the Society of Jesus. (*Applause.*) At least, if we make them this strange concession for a moment, they must confess that there is something good among their adversaries, since it was the generation educated by the Jesuits that drove them away, and it is the one educated by philosophy which is restoring them. (*Applause.*)

A history of the religious orders, from the origin of Christianity, would be a singularly philosophical one. Just as philosophy has been regenerated at long intervals by new schools, even so religion has been promoted and exalted by new orders, which pretend to possess it, and, indeed, at stated moments, do possess it in a superlative degree. All of them have their life and proper virtue. For some time, they push forward the chariot of faith; until, corrupted by the spirit of the world which they combat, and making themselves their only aim, they halt and deify themselves. Each of these orders has

its written institution: in those charters of the desert the profound instinct of the legislator glows in every line: some of them are as remarkable for their form as for their matter. Some are brief, laconic, like the laws of Lycurgus: such are those of the anchorites. Some, by their flowery dialogue, remind us of the manner of Plato: such are those of Saint Basil. Others there are which, by their extraordinary splendour, may vie with the most poetic flights of Dante: such are those of the *Master*. Lastly, there are others, which, by their profound knowledge of men and business, remind us of the spirit of Machiavel: such are those of the Jesuits. The condition of the human soul at each of these periods is impressed in these monuments. In the beginning, in the institutions of the anchorites, in the rules of Saint Antony, the soul is only busied about itself.

Man, still imbued with the genius of paganism, far from wishing to convert any body, shuns his species by every road; he has nothing to say to his fellow-man. Armed against all that surrounds him for the single combat of the desert *, his life, day and night, is nothing but contemplation and prayer. *Pray and read all day long* †, says the rule. Later, during the middle ages, mute association succeeds the hermitage. Under the law of Saint Benedict, people live united in the same monastery; but this petty society does not yet pretend to engage in an active struggle with society at large. It lives intrenched behind its lofty walls ‡: it opens its gate to the world when the latter comes towards it; but it does not go forth to meet it. Man is afraid of the human voice. An eternal silence seals the lips of these friars: if their lips opened, the pagan word might still go forth. Every evening these associates of the sepulchre sleep in their cowls, with their girdles round their loins, to be the sooner ready at the call of the trumpet of the archangels. The spirit of the rule is to make a holy use of every hour in the silent expectation of the last day which is at hand. After this period, a revolution takes place in the institutions of the orders: they wish to enter into direct communication with the world, which they have beheld only through the narrow walls of the monastery. The friar leaves his convent to carry abroad the word, the flame which he has preserved intact. This is the spirit of the institutions of Saint Francis, Saint Dominic, the Templars, and the orders awakened by the inspiration of the Crusades. The fight is no longer in the wilderness; it is transported into the city. After that, there remained one step more: this will be the work of the order which pretends to be the summary of all those

* *Singularem pugnam eremi.* † *Lege et ora totâ die.*
‡ *Munumenta claustrorum.*

which had preceded it; that is to say, the Society of Jesus. For all the others had their own particular character, aim, and dress: they belonged to one spot rather than to another, and had preserved the character of the country in which they originated. Some there are which, according to their statutes, cannot even be transplanted out of a certain territory, to which they are attached like an indigenous plant.

The character of Jesuitism, created in Spain, prepared in France, developed and fixed at Rome, is to assimilate with the spirit of *cosmopolitanism* which Italy then displays in all her works. That is one of the features by which it happened to be in unison with the spirit of the *renaissance* in the south of Europe. On the other hand, it divests itself of the middle ages by willingly casting aside asceticism and mortification of the flesh. In Spain, it first only meditated the possession of the Holy Sepulchre: once arrived in Italy, it becomes more practical: it no longer confines itself to coveting a tomb: what it wants also is the living to make a corpse of it.* But by dint of mixing itself up and confounding itself with temporal society, it becomes incapable of separating from it, that is to say, to teaching it anything particular. The world conquered it, not it the world; and if you sum up in one word all that history of religious orders, you will find that in the origin, in the institutions of the anchorites, man is so exclusively occupied with God, that things do not exist for him, and that at last, on the contrary, in the Society of Jesus, one is so much absorbed by things, that God disappears amid the whirl of business. (*Applause.*)

Is this history of the religious orders entirely closed? Till now, the revolutions in science and society have ever provoked new orders to arise to contradict or refine them: these successive innovations in the spirit of those partial societies agreed admirably with the immutability of the Church. It was the surest sign of a powerful life. Now, has nothing happened in the world, for three centuries, since the institution of the Society of Jesus, that provokes a new foundation? Have there not been changes enough, rash enterprises enough, in the human intellect? Does not the French revolution deserve that that should be done for it which in the middle ages was done for the least political and social commotions? Every thing has changed; every thing has been regenerated in temporal society. Philosophy, I confess, under her seeming modesty, is at bottom full of daring and of pride.

She believes herself victorious! And against enemies who have thus whetted their weapons, they are leading to the fight only their worn-out orders! For my part, had I the mission which has been

* One of Loyola's rules is in these terms: *if authority declares that what seems to you white is black, affirm it to be black.* Spiritual Exercises, p. 291.

given to others, far from being satisfied with restoring societies already compromised with the past, or shaken by too much hostility, like the Dominicans and Jesuits, I would firmly believe that there are in the world changes, tendencies, philosophies, or, if they will, new heresies enough, not to make it worth while to oppose to them another rule, another form, at least another name; I should believe that this spirit of creation is the necessary testimony of the great life of doctrines, and that a single word pronounced by a new order would be a hundred times more efficacious than all the eloquence in the world in the mouth of a superannuated order.

Be this as it may, I have said enough to show that preaching in a particular church, and public teaching before men of different creeds, are not one and the same thing; that to require of one what belongs to the other, is to wish to destroy them. Faith and science, those two conditions of the human mind which will perhaps some day form but one, have ever been regarded as distinct. At the period which we are now discussing, they have been exactly represented in history by two men who appeared at a short interval from each other: Ignatius de Loyola and Christopher Columbus. Loyola, through an absolute attachment to the very letter of authority, amid the greatest commotions, preserves and maintains the past; he seizes it again, in some places, even in the sepulchre. As for Christopher Columbus, he shows undisguisedly how the future is formed, by the union of faith and liberty in the mind of man. He possesses, as much as any one, the tradition of Christianity; but he interprets and develops it; he listens to every voice, every religious presentiment of the rest of humanity; he believes there may be something divine, even in the most different forms of worship. From this idea of religion, from the truly universal Church, he rises to a clear view of the destinies of the globe; he gathers and examines the mysterious words of the Old and New Testament; he is so bold as to extract from them a spirit which for a moment scandalises infallibility; one day he gives it the lie; on the morrow he obliges it to submit to his opinion; he spends a breath of liberty throughout all tradition; from that liberty springs the *word* that engenders a new world. He annihilates the dead letter, breaks open the seal of the prophets, and of their visions makes a reality. That is a tendency different from the past. Those two roads will long remain open before they unite. Everybody is at liberty to choose; to march forward or to turn back. As far as I am concerned, it was my duty to establish and state the right to prefer here publicly, to the tendency which regards only the past, that which opens the future, and by augmenting creation increases the idea of divine grandeur. I have done so, I hope, without either hatred or tergiversation; and whatever may befall

me, the only thing of which I am sure is, that I shall never repent it (*prolonged applause*).

The question was decided for me on that day. Being informed by the press, the friends as well as the enemies of the freedom of discussion had appointed a *rendezvous*, and filled both the amphitheatres. For three quarters of an hour it was impossible to make myself heard; and even several of my friends were of opinion that it was necessary to postpone the lecture to another day. I felt convinced that was the way to ruin every thing; and I resolved to stay, if necessary, till night. It was also the opinion of the majority of the assembly. I thank the crowd of unknown friends, both within and without, who, by their firmness and moderation, prevented, from that day forward, every chance of disturbance.

LECTURE II.

ORIGIN OF JESUITISM; IGNATIUS DE LOYOLA; THE SPIRITUAL EXERCISES.

May 17. 1843.

I KNOW the spirit of this auditory, and I hope I have said enough for it to know me also. You know I speak without any hatred, but with the calm determination of fully declaring my thoughts. (*Interruption.*) An impartial observer, on witnessing what has been passing the last few days, in this building, will easily grant that a new fact is becoming manifest — the importance attached by all minds to religious questions. It is not a thing of little moment to see so many men attach to such matters the interest (not to say the passion) which they formerly took only in political events. People have perceived that the question concerns the interest of all, and that but one word was necessary to produce the spark that lay hid in the recesses of their hearts. The questions which occur in our subject are among the greatest that could be found; they touch the world in one point only by reason of their very greatness: let us, then, I beseech you, learn to rise with them, and maintain the calmness that is requisite in a search after truth. What is done here does not remain concealed within these walls; there are, far away from here, and even beyond the limits of France, serious minds contemplating our proceedings.

There are times when men are brought up for silence, from their very cradle, certain of never having to undergo any serious contradiction; others there are, when men are brought up for the *régime* of free discussion in full noon-day; and those times are our own.

The worst service that can possibly be done to a cause in these days, is to pretend to quash inquiry by violence. It cannot succeed: it will never succeed: at the best, it will only persuade the most conciliatory minds that the cause it defends is incompatible with the new *régime*. What is the use of so many puerile menaces? France is not a person to retreat before their hissing. No man in this country has the power to propagate his opinion, without its meeting somewhere public control. The time is gone by when an idea, a society, or an order, could germinate, form, grow up secretly, and suddenly display itself when it had taken root so deeply that it

could no longer be eradicated. Whatever be the path they enter, there is ever a watchful sentinel ready to give the alarm. There is no longer any possibility of snare and ambush. The freedom of speech which I enjoy to-day, you will enjoy to-morrow: it is my safe-guard; but it is yours also. What would become of my adversaries, if it was taken from them? For I can easily conceive philosophy reduced to its books; but who can for a moment imagine the Church without the power of speech? And yet you are the persons who pretend to stifle speech in the name of the Church! Go to! All I can tell you is, that her greatest enemies would not act otherwise.

I have shown that the establishment of the Society of Jesus is the basis of my subject. Let us enter upon this question in the most impartial manner. Do not fancy, first of all, that every thing seems blamable to me in the sympathy with which it inspires certain persons in the present day. I will state at once that I firmly believe in their sincerity. In the midst of our society, often wavering and without any fixed aim, they find the ruins of an extraordinary establishment, which, when everything else has changed, has immutably preserved its unity. That spectacle astonishes them. At the sight of those still proud ruins, they feel themselves attracted towards them by an unaccountable power. I would not swear that this state of dilapidation does not exercise over them a fascinating influence superior to that of prosperity. As they perceive all the outward forms preserved, rules, written constitutions, and customs subsisting, they fancy that the Christian spirit still inhabits those phantoms; the more easily, as one step in that path hurries them on, and the principles of the body are bound together with infinite art. Having thus once entered upon this road, they wander further and further, ever seeking, under the forms of the doctrine of Loyola, the genius and the soul of Christianity. Now, my duty is to tell such persons, and all who hear me, that life is elsewhere; that it is no longer in that constitution a shadowy phantom of the spirit of God; that what has been, *has been;* that the odour has escaped from the vase; that the soul of Christ is no longer in that whitened sepulchre. Should they vow a hatred against me which they believe eternal, but in which it is impossible for me to participate, — yes, though they come here with violence and menaces, I warn them, and declare frankly, that I will do all in my power to drag them from a path in which they will find, in my opinion, only a void and deception; and it shall not be my fault, if, dragged as they are in the fetters of an egotistical rule and a dead system, I do not send them headlong into one entirely the reverse, which I believe to be the living road of truth and humanity.

On the most ordinary occasions, people take counsel, — they listen to both sides of the question; yet, when the question is to give their thought, their future, to an order whose first maxim, in accordance with the genius of secret societies, is to bind them at every step, hiding from them the next step below, we have men here who would not have any body inform them of the consequences! They put on the armour of hate against those who want to show what they engage to perform in following that gloomy road. Plenty of other voices, more eloquent than mine, are urging the human mind towards the road of the past. Let them, then, allow, what it is madness to attempt to prevent; let them suffer, in another place, another voice to point out another road, by taking its stand on history and monuments; after which the good faith of nobody will have been taken by surprise. If you persevere, at least your convictions will have stood the test of public contradiction; you will then have acted as sincere men ought to do in such weighty matters. I fight openly, generously. I ask them to fight against me with similar weapons.

Who knows, even, whether among those who are now animated with the greatest aversion, there be not here, at this moment, some one who will one day congratulate himself on having been detained to-day upon the threshold that he was about to cross for ever?

We must first know where we are going; and the first thing which I have to consider, is to show the mission of the Order of Jesus in the contemporary world. Jesuitism is a machine of war; it must ever have an enemy to combat, otherwise its prodigious combinations would remain useless. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, it found an opponent in Protestantism. Not satisfied with that adversary, the idolatry of the nations of Asia and America gave it a brilliant employment. Its glory is ever to combat the strongest party. In our time, who is the enemy that has forced it to revive? Not the schismatic church; since, on the contrary, that very church has recalled and saved it in Russia. It is not idolatry. Who, then, is this adversary powerful enough to call the dead to life? To show who it is with the fullest evidence, I will ground my proof only on Papacy itself, on the bulls of condemnation and restoration of the order. From those documents and dates, you yourselves will draw the consequences. The bull which suppresses the institution is dated July 21st, 1773. I must quote a few passages, after first warning the reader that I shall never make use of stronger or more explicit terms than those made use of by the papacy in the mouth of Clement XIV.: —

"Scarcely had the society been formed (*suo ferè ab initio*), when there arose different seeds of divisions and jealousies, not only among

its own members, but also the other bodies and regular orders, as well as the secular clergy, academies, universities, public colleges of *belles lettres*, and even princes who had admitted it into their states.

" So far from every precaution being sufficient to appease the clamour and complaints against the society, on the contrary, in almost every part of the universe, very sad disputes were seen to rise against its doctrine (*universum penè orbem pervaserunt molestissimæ contentiones de societatis doctrinâ*), which many people denounced as contrary to orthodox faith and good morals. Dissensions became more and more furious in society, and accusations abroad became even more frequent, principally respecting their too great avidity for terrestrial possessions.

" We have remarked, with the greatest sorrow, that all the remedies that have been employed have been found to possess scarcely any virtue to destroy and dispel so many troubles, accusations, and serious complaints; that several of our predecessors, such as Urban VIII., Clement IX., X., XI., XII., Alexander VII. and VIII., Innocent X., XI., XII., XIII., and Benedict XIV., strove to do so in vain. They endeavoured, however, to restore to the Church the blessings of peace by publishing very salutary constitutions, to forbid every kind of trade, and to prohibit absolutely the use and application of maxims which the Holy See had justly condemned as scandalous and manifestly noxious to the regulation of morals, &c. &c.

" In order to adopt the safest course in an affair of so much consequence, we considered that we needed a long space of time, not only in order to be able to make a rigid investigation, to maturely weigh every thing and deliberate wisely, but also to ask, with many lamentations and continual prayers, aid and assistance of the Father of wisdom.

" After having therefore taken so many and such necessary measures, in our confidence of being aided by the Holy Spirit, being moreover urged by the necessity of fulfilling our ministry, considering that the Society of Jesus can no longer give any hopes of those abundant fruits and great advantages for which it was constituted, approved, and enriched with so many privileges by our predecessors; that it is, perhaps, not even possible that, as long as it subsists, the Church should ever recover a true and lasting peace, being persuaded and pressed by so many powerful motives, and by many others with which the laws of prudence and the good government of the universal Church furnish us, but which we preserve in the profound secrecy of our heart, after a mature deliberation, we, with our sure knowledge and the plenitude of the apostolic power, extinguish and suppress the said society, abolish its statutes and constitutions, even those

which may be supported by oath, by an apostolic confirmation, or any other manner."

On the 16th of May, 1774, the cardinal, ambassador of France, transmitted a confirmation of the bull to the minister of foreign affairs, commenting on it in a few words, which are at the same time a warning to the king and the clergy: —

"The pope has decided upon this suppression at the foot of the altar and in presence of God. He has believed that a religious order proscribed from the most Catholic states, strongly suspected of having both formerly and recently entered into criminal plots, having nothing in their favour but the outward appearance of regularity, decried in their maxims, addicted, in order to render themselves more powerful and formidable, to commerce, stock-jobbing, and politics, could produce only fruits of dissension and discord, that a reform would but palliate the evil, and that it was necessary to prefer to every thing else the peace of the universal Church and the Holy See.

"In a word, Clement XIV. has believed the society of the Jesuits incompatible with the peace of the church and of Catholic states. It was the spirit of the government of that company that was dangerous; it is therefore important that this spirit should not be renewed; and it is to this that the pope exhorts the king and the clergy of France to be seriously attentive."

Now, my conclusion begins to appear. Do not forget that the bull of interdiction preceded the explosion of our revolution in 1789 by scarcely fifteen years. The precursory genius which bestowed on France the royalty of the intellect, governed the world even before it burst forth; it had passed from writers to princes, and from princes to popes. Behold the concatenation of events! France is about to cast herself into the path of innovation, when papacy, then inspired by the genius of all, breaks up the machine created to stifle in the bud the principle of innovation. The spirit of 1789 and of the constituent assembly, is entire in this pontifical bull of 1773. From that moment, what happens? As long as new France remains victorious in the world, the Company of Jesus is no longer heard of. Before the freely and gloriously displayed banner of the French Revolution, that company disappears as if it had never existed. Its remnants conceal themselves under other names. The empire, though fond of the strong, left those remnants in the dust, knowing that, though all-powerful, it could not restore one stone of the edifice without belying its own origin, and that among the judgments pronounced by nations there are some which must not be trifled with. However, there comes a time when the Society of Jesus, destroyed by papacy,

is nevertheless by papacy triumphantly re-established. What then had happened? The bull for the restoration of the order is dated the 6th of August, 1814. Does that date say nothing? It was the time when France, besieged and trampled on, was obliged to hide her colours, to deny, in her law, the principle of the Revolution, and to accept what portion they were disposed to give her of air, light, and life. Amid that crusade of old Europe, every one makes use of the arms which are at his service. During that irruption of armies from every zone, papacy also let loose the revived militia of Loyola, in order that, the mind being circumvented like the body, defeat might be complete, and that prostrate France might no longer have, even in her conscience, the idea of ever rising again.

Those are the facts, the history, the reality about which they will never succeed in deceiving the rising generation. It ought to be well known: this issue is that at which we must arrive as soon as ever we enter upon that road: it does not appear, they do not show it at the outset, but it is the necessary term. On one side the French Revolution, with the development of the religious and social life; on the other lurking, one knows not where, its natural counter-opponent, the Order of Jesus, with its immutable attachment to the past. It is between these two things that we must choose.

Let nobody suppose they are reconcileable: they are not so. The mission of Jesuitism in the sixteenth century was to destroy the Reformation; the mission of Jesuitism in the nineteenth is to destroy the Revolution, which implies, comprehends, envelops, and outsteps the Reformation. (*Applause.*) It is a grand mission; but they ought to confess it. Very likely, indeed, that the question should be about the University or a college discussion! The ideas are much higher. The question is now, as ever, to enervate the principle of life, and to dry up noiselessly the springs of the future. That is the whole question. It has begun by stating it among us. But it is destined to be developed elsewhere, and to awaken those who are slumbering the most soundly in a lethargy either feigned or real; for it is not, probably, without reason that we have been so imperiously impelled to unmask it here.

This being established, I now go, without any circumlocution, straight to the heart of the doctrine which I wish first of all to study historically and impartially in its author, Ignatius de Loyola. You know that powerful life, where chivalry, ecstatic raptures, and calculation rule alternately. However, we must retrace its beginnings, and see how so much asceticism could harmonize with so much policy — the habit of visions with the genius of business. Be not surprised if this man, placed on the confines of two periods, was and is still so powerful, and marks his conquests with an indestructible seal. He

exercises, at the same time, the power which sprang from ecstasy in the twelfth century, and the authority which is grounded on the consummate policy of the modern world: there is in him the spirit of Saint Francis d'Assise and of Machiavel. In whatever manner he be considered, he is one of those who invest the mind by the most opposite extremes.

In the beginning of the sixteenth century, a youth, of ancient family, receives, in a castle of Biscay, the military education of the Spanish nobility: in the leisure intervals of sword exercises, he reads the *Amadis;* that is the extent of his learning. He becomes a page to Ferdinand, and afterwards captain of a company; handsome, brave, and worldly, he was especially fond of bustle and of war. At the siege of Pampeluna by the French, he retires into the citadel, which he defends courageously, and to the last extremity: while fighting in the breach, his right leg is broken by a Biscayan, and he is then carried upon a litter into the neighbouring castle, which is his father's. After an agonising operation, heroically endured, he asks for his books of chivalry to amuse himself. In that ransacked old castle, nothing can be found but the Life of Jesus Christ and the Saints. He reads them. His heart, his mind, and genius are inflamed with a sudden revelation. In a few moments, this youth, smitten by a human love, glows with a sort of divine fury: the page is now become an ascetic, a hermit, a flagellant: such is the beginning of Ignatius de Loyola.

What is the first thought that occurs to this man of action? The project of a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Whilst reading the ardent lives of the saintly Fathers, he sketches and daubs the landscapes and figures which relate to those stories. Soon he wants to go and touch that sacred land; he fancies he sees, he really does see, the Virgin calling him; and he departs. As his wound is not yet healed, he rides on horseback, carrying, at his saddle-bow, his girdle, calabash, rope-sandals, staff, and the other *insignia* of a pilgrim.

On the road he meets with a Moor, with whom he discusses the mystery of the Virgin. A strong temptation possesses him of killing the unbeliever; so he abandons the rein to his horse's instinct. If he rejoins the Moor, he will kill him; if not, he will forget him. He thus begins by setting his conscience at the mercy of chance. At a certain distance, he sends back his people, puts on sack-cloth, and continues his journey, barefoot. As Manreza*, he shuts himself up in the hospital; he performs the *watching of armour* before the altar of the Virgin, and hangs up his sword on the pillars of the chapel. He redoubles his mortifications: his loins are bound in an

* An ancient Spanish town, about nine leagues N.W. of Barcelona.

iron chain; his bread is mixed with ashes; and the grandee of Spain goes about begging from door to door in the streets of Manreza. All that is not sufficient for the hunger of his heart consumed with asceticism; Loyola retires into a cavern where daylight pierces only through a fissure in the rock; there, he passes whole days, even weeks, without taking any food; and he is found in a swoon on the brink of a torrent. In spite of so much penance, his soul is still in commotion. Scruples, not doubts, torment him; he subtilises with himself; that same inward war which Luther waged when about to change everything, Loyola sustains when about to preserve everything. He is so sorely pressed that he is haunted with the thought of suicide; during that inward warfare, he groans, howls, and writhes on the ground. But his is not a soul that allows itself to be vanquished by a first assault; Ignatius rises; a vision of the Trinity, of the Virgin calling him towards her son, saves him from despair. In that cavern at Manreza, the sentiment of his strength is revealed to him; he knows not yet what he will do; only he knows there is something to be done.

A small merchant vessel conveys him out of charity to Gaeta *; behold him now on the road to the Holy Land; once in Italy, panting and begging, he visits Rome, crawls to Venice. "You are too late," cries a voice; "the pilgrim's boat is gone." "What matters?" answers Loyola; "if there are no ships, I will cross the sea on a plank." With such an ardent will, it was not difficult to reach Jerusalem; he arrives there, even barefoot, on the 4th of September, 1523. Though destitute of everything, he absolutely strips himself still more to pay the Saracens for the permission of seeing and revisiting the Holy Sepulchre. But the very moment he attains the limit of his wishes, he perceives a more distant goal. He only wanted to touch those stones; but now that he possesses them, he wants something more. Above the stone of the Holy Sepulchre, Christ appears to him in the air and beckons him to approach still nearer. To call and convert the nations of the East, is the immutable idea which now dawns in his mind. He has henceforth a positive mission; and from the moment when his imagination attained the wished-for aim, Loyola is changed in the inward man. Imagination is appeased; reflection expands; the zeal of *souls* gains the mastery over the love of *The Cross*.† The ascetic, the hermit is transformed, and the politician begins.

At the sight of that desert sepulchre, he feels convinced that the calculations of the intellect can alone lead the world back to it. In

* A city and port in the kingdom of Naples, twelve leagues N.W. of Capua, — C. C

† *Le Père Bonhours, Vie de Saint Ignace*, p. 122.

this new crusade, it is not the sword, but thought, that is to accomplish the miracle. It is grand to see this last of the crusaders proclaim in face of Calvary that arms are no longer of any avail to get possession of believers again; from that day, his plan is made, his system prepared, his will determined. He knows nothing, can scarcely read and write: but in a few years he will know everything the doctors teach. And behold, indeed, this soldier, this amputated invalid, abandons his imaginary projects, the joys of asceticism, to take his place among children in the elementary schools of Barcelona and Salamanca. He, the chevalier of the court of Ferdinand, the anchorite of the rocks of Manreza, the free pilgrim of Mount Tabor, bows down his apocalyptic mind to grammar! What does this man do, he to whom the heavens are open? He learns the conjugations, and sets to spelling Latin! This prodigious power over himself amid divine illuminations, already marks an entirely new epoch.

However, the man of the desert still reappears in the scholar. He recovers, it is said, the dead; he exorcises spirits; he has not so entirely made himself child again but that the saint shines forth at intervals. Moreover, he professes a kind of theology, which nobody had taught him, but which begins to give offence to the Inquisition They put him in prison; whence he is liberated only on condition that he will never open his mouth again till he has studied four years in a regular school of theology.

That sentence decides him to come where science called him, to the university of Paris. Is it not time for his thoughts, so slowly matured, to be now declared? Loyola is nearly thirty-five years old. What is he waiting for? This strange scholar has, in the college of Sainte-Barbe, two young men, Pierre le Fèvre and Francis Xavier, as chamber companions. One is a shepherd of the Alps, ready to relish any powerful language; Loyola acts carefully with him, and reveals his project to him only after three years' reserve and calculation. The other is a noble, infatuated with his youth and high birth; Loyola praises and flatters him; towards him he shows himself the noble gentleman of Biscay.

Moreover, to subjugate the minds of men he has a surer means; the book of *Spiritual Exercises;* a work that contains his whole secret, and which he sketched out in the hermitages of Spain. Prepared by his language, none of his friends escape from the power of this strange work, which they call the *mysterious book.* Two disciples have already tasted this bait, and now belong to him for ever; others of the same age join the former, and, in their turn, undergo the fascination. These were Jacques Laynez, who afterwards became general of the order; Alphonso Salmeron, and Rodriguez d'Azevedo, all Spaniards or Portuguese.

One day, these young men meet together on the heights of Mont-

martre; there, under the master's eye, and in presence of the great city, they make a vow to unite and go together to the Holy Land, or to put themselves at the disposal of the pope. Two years elapse, and those same men arrive at Venice by different roads, a staff in their hand, a sack on their back, and the *mysterious book* in their wallet. Whither are they going? They know not! They have made a covenant with a spirit that drags them along in its logical power. Loyola arrives at the *rendezvous* by a different route. They thought they were to embark for the wildernesses of Judea; but Loyola shows them, instead of those solitudes, the field of battle: Luther, Calvin, the Church of England, and Henry VIII., who are besieging papacy. With one word he sends Françis Xavier to the extremity of the eastern world; he keeps the eight other disciples to oppose Germany, England, the half of France, and agitated Europe. At their master's nod, these eight men march forth, blindfold, without either counting or measuring their adversaries. The Company of Jesus is formed; and the captain of the citadel of Pampeluna leads it on to battle. In the thick of the fight of the sixteenth century, a legion rises from the dust of the earth. That *début* is grand, powerful, and captivating; it bears the stamp of genius: we would be the last person to think of dissembling it.

Such was the origin of the Society of Jesus. Now let us return to the monument, which is become its very soul, and contains what Tacitus called the arcana of the empire (*arcana imperii*). Jesuitism has already been studied in its gradual developments; but nobody, as far as I know, has yet shown it in its primitive ideal. The book of *Spiritual Exercises* has cast all the first founders of the order, one after the other, in the same mould. Whence does it derive this extraordinary character? That is what we must consider. We here touch upon the very source of the spirit of the Company.

Loyola, after passing through all the different stages of ecstacy, enthusiasm, and sanctity, undertakes, in a calculating spirit, the depth of which I should never be able to express, to reduce into a system the experiments he has been able to make upon himself, even in the frenzy of visions. He applies the method of the modern mind to what surpasses every human method, — the enthusiasm of things divine. In a word, he composes a physiology, a manual, or rather a formula *, of ecstasy and holiness.

Do you know what distinguishes him from all the ascetics of the past? This: that he has been able, coolly and logically, to mark and analyse himself in that state of rapture which in all other men excludes the very idea of reflection. Imposing on his disciples, as

* *Servatis ubique iisdem formulis.* Exerc. Spirit., p. 180.

operations, acts which, in him, were spontaneous, thirty days are all he requires to tame, by this method, one's will and reason, even as a rider tames his charger. He asks only thirty days (*triginta dies*), to reduce a soul. Observe, in truth, that Jesuitism is developed at the same time as the modern inquisition; whilst the latter was dislocating the body, the *Spiritual Exercises*, with the machine of Loyola, were dislocating the mind.

To arrive at the state of sanctity, we find in this book of rules such as the following: — "*First*, to draw upon a paper lines of various lengths, answering to the magnitude of the sins; *secondly*, to shut one's self up in a room, the windows of which are half closed (*januis ac fenestris clausis tantisper*), now falling prostrate on one's face*, now lying on one's back, now standing, now sitting, &c.; *fifthly*, to burst forth in exclamations (*quintùm in exclamationem prorumpere*); *sixthly*, in the contemplation of hell, which comprises two preludes, five points and a colloquy, to see, in spirit, vast fires, monsters and souls plunged into a flaming ergastulum; to imagine one hears wailings and howlings; to fancy also a putrid stench of smoke, sulphur, and cadaverous filth; to taste the most bitter things, such as tears, gall, the worm of the conscience†, &c. Now, it is not visions alone that are thus imposed; but, what you would never suppose, even sighs are noted, aspiration and respiration are marked; the pauses and the intervals of silence are written down beforehand as in a music-book.

You would not believe me; I must quote: "Third manner of praying in measuring in a certain manner the words and pauses." ‡ This means consists in uttering a few words between each aspiration and respiration; and a little further on: "And let equal intervals be observed between the breathings and the words" (*Et paria anhilituum ac vocum interstitia observet*); which means, that man, inspired or not, is nothing more than a machine of sighs and sobs, who ought to groan, weep, cry, and pant at the precise moment and in the order which experience has proved to be the most profitable.

His education being thus prepared, how is the Christian automaton completed? By what degrees does he rise to the dogmas and

* *Nunc prostratus humi et pronus, aut supinus, nunc sedens, aut stans*, &c., p. 86.

† Punctum primum est, spectare per imaginationem vasta inferorum incendia. Tertium imaginariè etiam olfactu fumum, sulphur et sentinæ cujusdam seu fæcis atque putredinis graveolentiam persentire. Quartum, gustare similiter res amarissimas, ut lachrymas, rancorem, conscientiæque vermem, &c. &c. — *Exercit. Spirit.*, p. 80. 82. 63.

‡ Tertius orandi modus per quamdam vocum et temporum commensuratio nem. — *Exercit. Spirit.*, p. 200.

mysteries of the Gospel? You shall see. If the question is a mystery, the prelude (præludium), before any other operation, is to figure to one's self a certain material place, with all its dependencies. For instance, is it a question about the virgin? The way is to imagine a little house (domuncula). About the nativity? A grotto, a cavern, arranged in a *commodious or incommodious* manner. Is it a scene of preaching in the Gospel? A certain road winding among more or less dangerous precipices. If the subject is the *bloody sweat*, one must fancy, first of all, a garden of a certain dimension (*certâ magnitudine, figurâ, et habitudine*); and sum up its length, breadth, and area. If the subject is the kingdom of Christ, the way is to figure to one's self country-houses and fortresses (*villas et oppida*); after which, the first point is to imagine a human king*, among his people; to address that king and converse with him; gradually to change the king into Christ, substitute one's self for the people, and thus place one's self in the true kingdom.

Such is the method to ascend to the mysteries. If that is so, now mark the consequence. By making the material impression ever the starting point, do they not show a distrust for the mind which reverses the very nature of Christianity? Is it not entering the spiritual kingdom through disguise? And will not so many minute precautions to replace the sudden rapture of the soul tend necessarily to degenerate among the disciples into cunning, in order to disconcert the director of the artifice? What! God is there, kneeling, weeping in sweat and blood; and instead of being transported that very moment by this single thought, you loiter to show me that enclosure, to measure meanly its area, to trace methodically the plan of the road, *viam planam aut arduam!* You are at the foot of Tabor at the inexpressible moment of the transfiguration, and what occupies your thoughts is to know what is the shape of the mountain, its height, breadth, and vegetation? Good heavens! Is this the Christianity of the Apostles? Is it that of the Fathers of the Church? No, for it is not that of Jesus Christ.

Where did any one ever find in the Gospel this absorbing study of preparation and theatrical effect? It is the doctrine that speaks, and not the things. The Gospel repeats the words, and the objects are illuminated by them. Loyola does just the contrary. It is, as he himself so well expresses it†, by the assistance of the senses and material objects, that he wishes to rise to the spirit. He makes use of the sensations as a decoy to attract souls, thus sowing the principle of

* Punctum primum esto proponere mihi ob oculos humanum regem. — *Exercit. Spirit.*, p. 97.

† Admotis sensuum officiis.—*Exercit. Spirit.*, p. 182. Deindè repetitiones et usus sensuum velut prius—*Ibid.*, p. 167.

those ambiguous doctrines which will grow with it. Instead of showing his God at the outset, he leads man to God only by a winding bye-path. Is this, once more, the straight path of the Gospel?

All this proceeds from a more radical difference between the Christianity of Jesus Christ and the Christianity of Loyola. I know this difference, and will tell it you. In the spirit of the Gospel, the master gives himself to all, fully, without any reserve or concealment. Each disciple becomes, in his turn, a focus spreading and developing life around him; and never does this movement halt in the tradition. Loyola, on the contrary, with a policy which will never be entirely fathomed, communicates to his disciples only the least part of himself, the exterior, the envelope of his thought. He knew and felt enthusiasm in his youth. But as soon as he aims at organising a power, he no longer grants to anybody this principle of liberty and life; he keeps the fire, and gives them only the ashes. He had risen upon the wings of ecstacy and divine rapture; he sanctions, among others, only the yoke of method. To be more sure of reigning alone, without successors, he begins by cutting off from them whatever constitutes his own greatness; and as he demands for his God, not only a filial fear, but a servile terror (*timor servilis*), he leaves man no issue to raise his head. Christianity makes apostles; Jesuitism, instruments not disciples.

Let us, then, turn our eyes to another side; and if, as I have always believed, the soul too long neglected pines for food, — if a religious spirit breathes again upon the world, if the new star is rising, let us not remain behind, but march the first to meet that God who is now awakening in the hearts of men. Let others, if they will, bury themselves in the dead letter, — let us run forward to meet the spirit. Enthusiasm, which alone creates and renews societies, though chilled, is not dead in France. Let the new generation, in whom the future reposes, aspire to continue the tradition of life, without allowing themselves to be lulled to sleep by a too great care for petty things; and let us all unite in showing that all religion is not exclusively and entirely engrossed by the priest, nor all truth by the sacred pulpit.

LECTURE III.

CONSTITUTIONS — CHRISTIAN PHARISAISM.

May 24.

THANKS to you, the freedom of discussion will not be stifled. Here, as everywhere else, right had but to show itself to gain the victory over violence. When it was first reported that the right of examination was publicly menaced, people could not credit such strange news; when it became certain, men of every opinion united in a moment. You formed a rampart around us; and, by that irresistible power which springs from the general conscience, you have given our words the only support that we could desire. Whatever be the diversity of impressions in other respects, we have become amalgamated in the same cause. We could not draw back one step, you could not renounce us; that is what you all perceived. I thank you in the name of the right and liberty of all. We have done, on both sides, I believe, what we ought to do.

Moreover, do not think that I have nothing of greater consequence to do than to envenom my subject. My purpose is totally different. I wish to-day, what I wished a month ago, to study philosophically and impartially the Society of Jesus, which presents itself without my being able to avoid it. I add, that I make it my duty to study it, not among its adversaries, not even in the works of individuals, but only in the consecrated monuments which have given it life.

What cannot fail to strike you, is the rapidity with which the society degenerated. Where shall we find anything like it in any other order? The public cry is raised against it from its very cradle. The bull for its constitution dates from 1540; but as early as 1555 the society is scouted from a part of Spain, from Portugal and the Low Countries in 1578, from all France in 1594, from Venice in 1606, and from the kingdom of Naples in 1622; I speak only of the Catholic states. This reprobation shows at least how very precocious the evil had been. Pascal, confining himself to the Casuists who were nearer his own time, has remained silent about the early doings of the society; the great name of Loyola turned aside the lash. In the process of the eighteenth century, they summoned especially the Jesuit-

ism of that same century. What remains for us to do is, by laying hold of its roots, to prove that this rapid corruption was inevitable, because it was in the bud in its first principle; and lastly, that it was impossible for Jesuitism not to degenerate, since, in its very nature, it is nothing but a degeneration of Christianity.

I have shown, I hope impartially, the ascetic in Ignatius de Loyola; let us to-day contemplate the politician. His grand art is to keep in the background the very moment he is attaining his ends. When his little society is assembled at Venice, and it is necessary to take the last step, — to go to Rome to ask the pope for consecration, — he takes good care not to show himself. In his stead he sends his disciples, simple men, and submissive to all authority. For his part, he remains concealed, fearing to show upon his brow, if he appeared, the stamp of omnipotence. The pope, by welcoming the disciples, thinks he is acquiring instruments; he little knows he has just given himself a master.

Loyola hasthis feature in common with Octavius: he is just attaining the aim of his whole life; and the better to make sure of it, he begins by rejecting it. At the moment the society, created by himself, is about to name its chief, Loyola declines; he feels he is too little, too unworthy of the burden; he cannot accept it. He will be the least among them, if his companions do not force him to be the first! After a few years, when he thinks the absolute authority which he has caused them to impose on him requires to be strengthened anew, he wishes to abdicate; he, the master of the popes, the sovereign of that company which one glance of his transports from one end of the world to the other, even he threatens to quit his villa of Tivoli, and become once more the anchorite of Manreza. His hands are too feeble, his genius too timid to suffice for the task; and it is once more necessary that the members of the society, from all the corners of the Christian world, should entreat him to remain at their head. And this was no easy mild authority! His disciples, even the great Francis Xavier, wrote to him only on their knees. For having been so bold as to address to him an objection about some trifling point, Laynez, the soul of the council of Trent — Laynez, who was to be his successor, trembles at a word of the master: he asks as a chastisement to quit the spiritual direction of the council, and employ the rest of his life in teaching children to read. Such was the empire which Loyola exercised over his company. Moreover, he was skilful in denying their orthodoxy, as soon as ever it was displeasing to the powerful, as in the affair of the *interim*.

Ever more and more attached to petty regulations, he condemns, in Bobadilla and Rodriguez, the partiality for the great, which formerly constituted his life. He who, in his youth, had been im-

prisoned as an innovator, is now heard to say, that if he lived a thousand years, he would never cease to inveigh against the novelties which are introduced into theology, philosophy, and grammar. He excels in diplomacy to such a degree that he leaves nothing to be invented by his successors. His masterpiece in this respect was to reconcile his own omnipotency with that of the papacy. The pope wished, in spite of him, to create Cardinal Borgia one of his disciples. Loyola determines that the pope shall offer, and that Borgia shall refuse; thus adroitly contriving the pride of a refusal and the ostentation of humility. At length, after seeing the fulfilment of all he had projected, the society acknowledged, the *Spiritual Exercises* consecrated, and the constitution promulgated, in his dying moments, he dictates his last thoughts. What were they? "Write; I desire that the company should know my last *thoughts about the virtue of obedience.*" And those last secrets were those terrible words, which have already been quoted, and which sum up all: Let man become like a corpse, UT CADAVER; without motion, without will: let him be like the stick of an old man, SENIS BACULUS, which is taken up or thrown aside at pleasure.

Thus these are no fanciful figures sketched at random in the constitution; it was with these words, premeditated and repeated, that he pretends to end his life; they were the inmost secret of that soul, to which he returns at his dying hour. Even if we wished to deceive ourselves upon this point, we could not. This is, we must confess, an entirely new Christianity; for the miracles of Christ were performed to recall the dead to life, but the miracles of Loyola are made to lead the living to death. The first and the last word of Christ is life; the first and the last word of Loyola is death. Christ raises Lazarus from the tomb; Loyola wishes to make every man a Lazarus in the tomb. Once more, what is there in common between Christ and Loyola?

I know that some candid persons have not been able to help being surprised at least at the character of the *Spiritual Exercises*, and the incontestible quotations which I have been obliged to make. They endeavour to escape the question by thinking that it was doubtless a code, a law now obsolete, which is no longer anything in the tradition of the Society of Jesus. I cannot allow them this refuge. No; the book of the *Spiritual Exercises* is not out of use. On the contrary, it is the basis, not only of the authority of Loyola, but moreover of the education of the society; hence the necessity of admitting it entirely, or by rejecting it, to reject with it the company of which it is the vital point: there is no middle course; for, according to the company, it is still a work inspired from above; the *Mother of God*

dictated it, *dictante Mariâ.* Loyola did but transcribe it under the divine inspiration.

Neither let people imagine that I have maliciously chosen in the examination of this work the most singular parts, those which might the most embarrass my opponents. I have quoted only the serious points; there are ridiculous ones, which already contain the principle of the maxims of subterfuge combatted by Pascal. Would any one believe, for instance, that Loyola, that man so serious in asceticism, was led by his own system to act and feign mortification? What, play tricks with what is most spontaneous,—the holy flagellations of Magdalene and Saint François d'Assise! Yes, cost what it may, in order that we may lay our finger upon the whole system, I must quote the words of the fundamental book, the Spiritual Exercises; and I entreat you not to laugh, for I find nothing more sad than such abasement. The whole thought is here: "Let us use," says Loyola, "for flagellation principally fine string, which may just scratch the skin, by rubbing the surface without cutting through, in order not to injure our health." *

What! in the very outset, in the ideal rule, before any degeneration, coolly and fraudulently to counterfeit the lashes and wounds of the anchorites and fathers of the desert, who used to punish upon their meagre bodies the sinful lusts of the outward man! Martyrdom is imposed only on saints: I know that very well. But to ape martyrdom plays tricks with heroism, and defraud sanctity! Who could ever have believed it possible? Who would ever have believed that this was written, commanded, and ordered in the law? From this prime fraud, do you not perceive the coming of the bloody chastisement and the truthful lash of the *Provinciales?*

We are now at the core of the doctrine. Let us continue our way. The book of *Spiritual Exercises* is the snare perpetually prepared by the Society: but how are they to attract souls in that direction? How, when once attracted, are they to keep them back in the outset, to communicate to them gradually the desire to stop and feed upon this bait, and fix themselves in these outward gymnastics? How chain them by degrees, without their suspecting it? A new art, which is laid down in another work, almost as extraordinary as the former: I mean the *Directorium.* A few years after the foundation of the Society, the principal members agreed together to collect and unite the personal experiments that they had made upon the application of the method of Loyola. Aquaviva, the General of the Order, a man of consummate policy, holds the pen; thence sprung

* Quare flagellis potissimum utemur ex funiculis minutis, quæ exteriores affligunt partes, non autem adeò interiores, ut valetudinem adversam causare possint.

this second and equally fundamental work, which is to the former what practice is to theory. You have seen the principle: you have here the tactics put in action. In order to entice any person into the Society, they must not act abruptly, *ex abrupto*. They must wait for some good opportunity; for instance, till the persons suffer some outward grief, or else be *unfortunate in business.** An excellent opportunity is also to be found in *their very vices.*†

In the beginning they must be particularly careful not to exhibit as examples such persons as, after taking the first step, have been induced to enter the Order: that is at least what must be kept a secret to the last.‡ If it be a question of entrapping considerable persons, or certain nobles§, not to hand the *Exercises in a complete form.* In every case, it is better for the instructor to visit such persons at home, because the thing is thus kept *more easily secret.*‖ And why, pray, all these secrets in the concerns of God?

In the generality of cases, the first thing to be done, is to reduce to the confinement of a cell the person destined to the exercises. There, far from the sight of men, and especially of his friends¶, he is to be visited only by his instructor and a taciturn valet, who is to open his mouth only to speak of objects for his service. In this absolute isolation, they are to put the *Spiritual Exercises* in his hands, and then to leave him to himself. Every day the *instructor* will appear for a moment, to interrogate, excite, and urge him forward on this irrevocable path. At length, when his soul is thus estranged, undone, and cast into the mould of Loyola,—when it feels the irresistible bonds, when it is sufficiently deracinated, and, to speak like the *Directorium*, it is *stifling in its agony***, admire the triumph of this sacred diplomacy! The part played by the instructor suddenly changes: at first he pressed, excited, and inflamed; now all is done, he must show a well-calculated indifference. No, nothing more profound — I should say, more infernal was ever invented, than this patience, this tardiness, this coolness, at the moment they are about to grasp the soul which already belongs to itself no longer. It is good, says the *Directorium*, "to allow it then to breathe a little."†† When it has "recovered its breath to a certain degree,"‡‡ then is

* Ut si non benè ei succedant negotia. — Directorium, p. 16.
† Etiam optima est commoditas in ipsis vitiis. — *Ibid.*, p. 17.
‡ Certè hoc postremum tacendum. — *Ibid.*, p. 18.
§ Et quidam aliquando nobiles. — *Ibid.*, p. 67.
‖ Quia sic facilius res celatur. — *Ibid.*, p. 75. *The best course is for it all o be done in the country,* in aliquod prædium. — *Ibid.*, p. 77.
¶ Maximè familiarium. — *Ibid.*, p. 39.
** In illâ quasi agoniâ suffocatur. — *Ibid.*, p. 223.
†† Sinendus est aliquando respirare. — *Ibid.*, p. 215.
‡‡ Cùm deindè quodammodò respirat. — *Ibid.*, p. 223.

the favourable moment, for it must not be "always tortured."* That is, when that dying soul has entirely abandoned itself, you coolly allow it to choose†; at that moment's respite, it must preserve precisely life enough to believe itself still free to alienate itself for ever. Let it return to the world, if it pleases, or enter some other order, if it would rather; the doors are open, now it is enchained by the thousand bonds which the instructor has fastened about it. The marvel is, to pretend that such a shrivelled heart should possess a shadow of liberty, to rush headlong into eternal bondage. Summon all the Machiavelian combinations that you can gather from your memory, and say whether you can find any thing that surpasses the tactics of this Order in its private warfare with the soul.

Behold the individual subjugated; it remains to be seen what he becomes in the bosom of the Society, which leads us to a rapid view of the spirit of the *Constitutions*. A feature in the genius of Loyola is, to have begun by shutting out his disciples from ecclesiastical employments: by that one word he establishes a church in the Church. By prohibiting his men from entertaining any hope beyond the Company, he knew that he was filling them with a boundless ambition for the authority of the Order. Since each is immured in the Institution of Jesus, each must necessarily work with extraordinary energy, to aggrandise, gild, and glorify his prison. No one will ever be bishop, cardinal, or pope; but all will have their share in the immortality of the Order. A strange sort of immortality! In the *Spiritual Exercises* there still glimmer at least some traces of past enthusiasm. But in the Constitutions all is cold, freezing, — like those avenues of catacombs, in which vast ossuaries are symmetrically arranged. All that is very ingeniously constructed: they imitate the edifices which are warmed by the sun of life; but, unfortunately, they are made with the remains of the dead; and a society thus established may last a long time without wearing away, because the grand principle of life was abstracted from it in the very commencement.

Loyola, before proclaiming any one of his rules, lays it solemnly, for eight days, upon the altar. Whether the matter be, the principle of his law, a school regulation, the post of *infirmier*, porter, wardrobe keeper, or mysteries of conscience, he gives to each of these things the same sacred authority; thus abasing the greater, and exalting the less. In his legislation, you will find the same distrust entertained towards the mind as in his books of asceticism. In all the founders of Christian institutions that which I feel first is, the Chris-

* Non semper affligatur. — *Ibid.*, p. 216.

† Electionem. *A good instructor should know how to flatter and excite doubts.* Eum relinquat aliquantum dubium et incertum. — *Ibid.*, p. 182.

tian, the man in himself, the creature of God. In Loyola's law I see nothing but provincial fathers, overseers, rectors, examiners, consultors, admonitors, procurators, prefects of spiritual things, prefects of health, prefects of the library, of the refectory, night-watchers, *économes*, &c. Each of these functionaries has his own particular law, very clear and positive; it is impossible for either of them not to know what he is to do every hour of the day. Is this all in all? Yes, if the business be to form a temporal outward association; but almost nothing, in the case of a really Christian society. I see, indeed, a number of *employés*, all admirably distributed, functionaries who have each his appointed task: but show me the Christian soul beneath all that; amid so many functions, denominations, and outward occupations, the *man* escapes—the Christian vanishes.

The moral spiritual life is dried up in this law: examine it earnestly, and without any after-thought; ask yourself, at every page, if you will, whether it is the Word of God which forms the base of all this scaffolding; for it to be so, it would be necessary at least that the name of God should be mentioned, and I aver that that is the word which occurs the most seldom. The experience of the man of business, an extremely complicated machinery, a learned arrangement of persons and things, and an anticipated regularity of a code of legal procedure, replace the prayers and aspirations which form the substance of other religious rules. The founder trusts much to industrious combinations, very little to the resources of the soul; and in these rules of the Society, we find every thing save trust in the Word and Name of Jesus Christ.

That is the most important feature in this legislation. For the first time, the saints no longer trust to the spiritual Power of Christ. In order to strengthen his kingdom, they make a direct appeal to calculations borrowed from the policy of cabinets. The spirit of Charles V. and Philip II. is substituted for the spirit of the Gospel.

From the seal of distrust impressed so profoundly in the spiritual work of Loyola, see how the entire form of his institution necessarily arises. First, since it is the mind itself which is suspected, the result is, that all the members of the community, instead of feeling themselves tranquilly and fraternally united in faith, like the early Christians, must look upon one another as so many suspected persons; whence it follows, that, in the very first page, instead of the prayer which serves as an introduction and a basis for other religious rules, delation is inscribed, as the foundation of the constitution of Loyola.* *Mutual denunciation* is one of the first words of the rule:

* Manifestare sese invicem. Quæcumque per quemvis manifestentur.—Regul. Societ., p. 2.

it is an early concession to logic. Loyola's militia is no longer one of those which enthusiasm will urge to combat in open daylight; by its very origin, it will be not the Theban Legion, but the Instituted Police of Catholicism. Secondly, by virtue of the same principle, if the soul is no longer the mainspring of all, it is nothing but a danger; whence the necessity of attenuating it under the cadaverous yoke of an obedience, not intelligent, but blind, *obedientia cæca*. This is why submission in other religious orders is nothing in comparison to this voluntary death of the conscience. Let other societies distinguish themselves by other virtues; that of the Company of Jesus must be, before every thing else, the abdication of self. Among the Trappists, man has been able to preserve an inward refuge in his own martyrdom and silence. Among the Jesuits, the soul, even though it would not, is obliged to escape from itself by surprise, and shrink into the embarrassment of outward occupations.

Another consequence, which is involved in the two former, is the systematic necessity of repressing great instincts and developing inferior ones. It has been remarked that the Company of Jesus, so fruitful in skilful men, has not produced one great man since Loyola. This is the reason; it is unexceptionable. The entirely Castilian pride of Loyola led him to believe that his disciples would be incapable of supporting, like himself, the trials of enthusiasm and spiritual struggles; for that reason, he stifled in his men those heroic raptures which had constituted his power. I do not inquire whether this pride of the Spanish saint be conformable to the Gospel; I only say that, by forbidding his disciples the inconveniences of enthusiasm and divine heroism, he has prevented any of them from attaining his greatness; and I aver, that to adopt his law is nothing else than to make a vow of moral mediocrity.

Imagine, for a moment some great poet, Dante for instance, wishing to form a school, first warning his disciples against the dangers of sensibility, imagination, and the poetic passions: — he would do precisely what has been done by Ignatius de Loyola. In the other orders we see men become equal to their founders; life itself goes on increasing from generation to generation. St. Thomas, the Dominican, is greater than St. Dominic; but who ever heard of a man in the Company of Jesus, who equalled or surpassed the founder? That is impossible from the nature of things.

Add, moreover, this last consideration, which is the summary of what has been said; the Order of Jesus, in its development, represents exactly the personal history of Ignatius de Loyola. First, the earlier disciples, Saints Francis Xavier, Borgia, Rodriguez, Bobadilla, are filled with that frenzy with which the master was inspired in the solitude of the grotto at Manreza; an enthusiastic genius leads

them on. But, in the second generation, every thing is changed; the cold policy of Loyola, in his maturity, has already passed into the soul of Aquaviva and his successors. To speak more properly, it is the soul of Loyola himself which seems to grow cold and freeze more and more in the constitution of the Society of Jesus. The Society represents the likeness of its author for three centuries; and, even to-day, the expiring Order still imitates and reproduces the dying Loyola: like him, it sits up at the moment it was supposed to be lost; and in this death struggle, the words it pronounces is still the last words of Loyola: *domination, blind obedience, obedientia cæca!* Let humanity bend like a staff in the hand of an old man, *Ut senis baculus!* This was the last will and testament of the founder; it is also the last vow of the Society.

By pursuing the same series of ideas, it will not be difficult for me to show how, from the same entirely negative principle, from the want of confidence in the mind, has proceeded the *Theory of Cases of Conscience*, which, in the opinion of many, marks the characteristic feature of Jesuitism. Loyola's principle was necessarily to produce and develop this *instinct de procedure* applied to conscience. In fact, when once the soul is distrusted, and the voice of conscience is of no consideration, every thing must be written. The written word supersedes the inward voice; the rules of doctors must necessarily take the place of the WORD, the light made to lighten every man that comes into the world. In proportion as a society has less life, the greater is the number of its ordinances, decrees, and laws, which contradict and oppose one another. Apply this to religious life, and see what a labyrinth you are entering. As the soul has no longer the right to decide every thing imperiously by one of those sovereign words, written by God himself, and springing from the inmost heart of man, rules produce other rules, decisions other decisions, without it being possible for the moral instinct, under this edifice of contradictions, not to remain overwhelmed. By an inconceivable reversion, which is but the consequence of the principle, we no longer find the religious law, by its simplicity, holding the sway over the civil law; but, on the contrary, coming miserably, ignominiously, to imitate and counterfeit, — what? — the laws of procedure, the subtleties of chicanery. The divine law, reversed, and degraded from its sublime unity, comes to fashion itself according to the form, the method, and the quibbles of scholastic tribunals.

Is religion degraded enough? In the place of the priest I see only a whining advocate at the tribunal of God. Well! it must descend still lower; for there is no halting on this road. Scholastic jurisprudence was at least corrected by a fund of equity which prevented the judge from casting himself voluntarily headlong into

absurdities; but the priest, by following in the footsteps of the procedure of the middle ages, has condemned himself to fall infinitely lower. No longer trusting to the moral instinct, in its divine simplicity, and being equally devoid of the rational independence of the jurisconsult, where can that man go to, with his voluntarily dumb conscience and his voluntarily blinded reason? Wherecan he go to, but into that path of hazard and probabilism, where, overthrowing in the dark, one after the other, the notion of good and the notion of ill, groping further and further beyond the regions of truth into a monstrous abyss, cunning only in lulling remorse, he often foresees, imagines, anticipates, and in theory creates, even impossible crimes?

Be not then astonished that the degeneration has been so rapid, since it was already contained in the very ideal of the Society. I could, if I would, bring forward strange testimony on this particular subject. Listen to this terrible confession which escapes from one of the most famous disciples of Loyola, one of those who have risen the nearest to his spirit, one of his contemporaries, — Mariana! It is not I who speak, but a member of the Institution of Jesus, after spending fifty years in the community: "Our whole institution," says he, "seems to have no other aim but to hide bad actions in the earth, and to conceal them from the knowledge of men." *

I could add to this confession several other astonishing ones omitted by Pascal, as to the manner of winning over the good will of princes, widows, noble and opulent young men; I could easily proceed very far on that subject, but I stop here.

Is it indeed necessary to say what makes this discussion so interesting to you? It is neither its relation with the present time, nor an inquisitiveness arising from scandal. What interests you is, that this question is in itself grand and universal: let us leave it this character. This question is one between reality and appearance, the true and the false, life and the dead letter. As soon as ever a doctrine wishes to counterfeit the life it has lost, you find the principle and element of a sort of Jesuitism, as well among the ancients as among the moderns. I should not be much puzzled to prove that every religion has produced sooner or later its Jesuitism, which is nothing but its degeneration.

Without going beyond our own tradition, the Pharisees are the Jesuits of Mosaism, as the Jesuits are the Pharisees of Christianism. Did not the Pharisees also doubt of the spirit? Did not they also demand, What is the spirit? Were they not the furious defenders of the dead letter? Did not Christ compare them to sepulchres?

* Totum regimen nostrum videtur hunc habere scopum, ut malefacta injecta terrâ occulentur, et hominum notitiæ subtrahantur.

Is not this also the comparison that is most pleasing to our Pharisees in their constitutions? If all this is true, where is the difference? And if there is no difference, Christ himself pronounced their sentence in cursing the scribes and doctors of the law.

Beware then (here I address myself to you who, being separated from me, show me the most aversion), beware then of sealing yourselves up alive in those tombs; you will repent when too late. There are still great things to be done; remain then where we find the conflict of the spirit, danger, life, reward. Do not lose and bury yourselves in those catacombs; you know as well as I do, God is not the God of the dead, but of the living.

Again, if necessary, I might, to strain a point, admit that towards the close of the middle ages, a few souls, hurried away by too much asceticism, had need to be placed under this cold unfeeling discipline. I will admit that those bursts of enthusiasm of the middle ages, suddenly compressed by an imperious method, may have turned, if not towards great thoughts, at least towards great enterprizes. But, what can this doctrine do in our days, in 1843? What does it give us, that we did not already possess in abundance? Before every thing else, one and all of us hunger and thirst after sincerity and frankness. It brings us tactics and stratagems, as if there were not tactics and stratagems enough in the visible course of business! We cannot live without liberty; it brings us absolute dependence, as if there were not fetters enough in present things. We want the spiritual sense, great, powerful, open to all, and regenerating; it brings us the narrow, petty, material sense, as if there was not materialism enough in the age; we want life, and it brings us the dead letter. In a word, it brings nothing to the world but what the world has already even to satiety. And that also is the reason why the world will no longer have it!

Reflect also, that if there is a country on earth whose temperament is incompatible with that of the Society of Jesus, that country is France. Of all the first generals of the Order, — those who gave it its direction — there is not one Frenchman. The spirit of our country has not been communicated by anybody to that combination between the leaven of Spain and the Machiavelism of Italy in the sixteenth century. I can understand that where it has taken root, even though combated by the public instinct, the spirit of the Institution has been able to produce statesmen and controversialists, the Marianas, Bellarmins, and Aquavivas. But among us, transplanted from its own soil, sterile in itself, Jesuitism can only serve to sterilize the soil. Behold how every thing contradicts and opposes it! If we are worth any thing in the world, it is by our spontaneous impulse: Jesuitism is just the contrary: it is by our loyalty, even in-

discreet and profitable for our enemies: Jesuitism is just the contrary —it is by rectitude of mind: Jesuitism is but subtlety and prevarication; it is by a certain manner of being deeply interested in the cause of others: Jesuitism cares only for its own: lastly, it is by the power of the soul; and it is precisely the soul that Jesuitism distrusts.

What then would they have us do with an institution which makes it its business to repudiate in every thing the character and the mission which God himself has given to our country? I now see well that it is not alone the spirit of the Revolution, as I before stated, which is at stake. What else, then? Why, the very existence of the spirit of France, such as it has always been, and two incompatible things struggling for mastery: either Jesuitism must abolish the spirit of France, or France abolish the spirit of Jesuitism. This is the result of all that I have been saying.

LECTURE IV.

ON MISSIONS.

May 31.

It is not our fault if, in the path upon which we have entered, we are obliged to watch that the characters of the respective parties be not reversed. Our strength lies in the frankness of our position, and if by chance it is ill-interpreted in a place* where they address the whole of France, we owe one word of explanation to language proceeding from such an eminent quarter. We are accused of pursuing a phantom. It would be easy to reply that we are pursuing nothing, that we have only related the past; yet if it be a phantom, why so much hatred and such efforts to prevent it from merely being mentioned? If Jesuitism is indeed dead, why so much violence? If it still lives, why deny it? Why? Because, as usual, it has been too hasty in making its appearance; because it has betrayed itself by its impatience; because, in showing itself, it has run the risk of ruining itself. But we shall not have troubled ourselves in vain; now we have served to bring it to light, it is too late to deny itself.

The only thing that surprises me, is that we have been accused of attacking the freedom of discussion. What! are we the violent and intolerant? Who would have believed it? Violent, because we have defended ourselves! Intolerant, because we have not been exclusive! All this is strange, we must confess. Is the tolerance they require, that of condemning and fulminating without anybody being allowed to answer? Is the common right which they ask for, the privilege of anathematising? At all events they should say so plainly.

What is the use of so many subterfuges, when the question may be stated in one word? Can France, now devoid of every association, abandon the future to a foreign powerful association, naturally and necessarily hostile to France? Without so much circumlocution, I will simply tell them that I see Jesuitism in the past seize on the spirit to materialise it, and on morality to demoralise it, and I fer-

* Chamber of Deputies, May 27.

vently desire that no one should in these days seize on liberty to stifle it.

At all events, let us have the pleasure of considering our subject in its greatest and most general relations. Jesuitism, at its origin, took upon itself the task of stifling Idolatry and Protestantism. Let us see how it accomplished the former of these enterprises.

At the moment of the discovery of America and Eastern Asia, the first thought of the religious orders was to bind those new worlds in the unity of the Christian faith. The Dominicans, Franciscans, and Augustins, all marched at first in this direction. They had become weary of holding together the old world; and their strength was no longer sufficient to embrace the new one. Scarcely was the Society of Jesus formed, when it rushed upon this career; and it was the one it fulfilled the most gloriously. To unite the east and west, the north and south, establish the moral bond of fellowship of the globe, and accomplish the unity promised by the prophets,—never had a more noble design presented itself to the genius of man. To attain that end, it would have required the all-powerful life of Christianity in its origin. Were the doctrines which constituted the soul of the Society of Jesus capable of accomplishing this miracle? For the first time, unknown populations were about to find themselves in contact with Christianity; that moment could not fail to have an incalculable influence upon the future. The Society of Jesus, by pushing itself forward, might decide or compromise the universal covenant. Which of these two things happened?

On finding Oriental Asia, Christianity discovered the strangest thing in the world, a sort of Catholicism peculiar to the East, a religion full of outward analogy to that of the court of Rome, a paganism that affected all the forms and many of the dogmas of papacy: a God born of a virgin, incarnate for the salvation of men; a Trinity, monasteries, innumerable convents, anchorites, subjecting themselves to mortification and incredible flagellations; all the outward form of the religious life in Europe during the middle ages, hermitages, reliquaries, chivalry; at the head of all that, a sort of pope, who, without commanding, imposes his infallible authority like that of God himself. What was the Catholicism of Europe going to do in face of this Indian Catholicism? To consider it as a degeneration of a principle formerly common to both? Or to look upon it as an imitation of the truth counterfeited at pleasure by the Demon? The chances of religious alliance were very different, according to the solution they reserved for this strange problem.

The Society of Jesus, in this enterprise, was in Asia just as it was in Europe; it reproduced there, also, in the history of its missions, the different phases of the character of its author. The harbinger who went

before it in the Indies was Francis Xavier, of Navarre; he had received among the first the impulse of Ignatius de Loyola. Sprung, like him, from an ancient family, he had quitted the paternal fortress to come to Paris and study philosophy and theology. At Sainte-Barbe, Loyola communicates to him the enthusiasm of his youth. Xavier was never acquainted with the revolution which, in the mind of the founder, replaced the hermit by the politician. Having been sent into Portugal, and thence into the Indies, even before the society was recognised, he preserved the spirit of heroism almost without any alloy of human calculation. When we meet with such words as these in his letters, "Compass all your words and actions with your friends as if they would one day become your enemies and informers," we fancy we find one of Loyola's last counsels fallen into that transparent heart. In other respects, it will ever be a grand spectacle to behold this man, still young, leaving that brilliant castle in Navarre, to go all alone and wander at random on the coasts of Malabar. In that marvellous land of India, he sees at first only those who live outside the cities, the miserable castes, the outcasts, the parias, and little children; when the sun is about to set, he is seen to take a little bell, and go about crying from hut to hut, "Good people, pray to God!" He touches the source of oriental science; he does not see it; he believes he has only infant souls for antagonists, whereas he is already enveloped by the colleges of the Brahmins. In that holy ignorance of his position, he asks for priests to be sent to him who may be good neither for confessing, preaching, nor teaching; it is enough that they should know the ceremony of baptism. In the name of the infant Christ Xavier opens an invisible road for himself as far as Cape Comorin; he takes possession of boundless wildernesses, shoreless oceans, escaping by the greatness of things from the narrow influence of the rule of Loyola; the nations wherever he passes consider him as a holy man; that is everywhere his safeguard.

He embarks from Cape Comorin, and crosses in a small felucca the immense Indian Ocean. Urged, as he indeed believes, by the breath of the Holy Ghost, he arrives at the Moluccas, and, after infinite trouble, at Japan. At that extremity of the East, he finds himself engaged no longer with brute intellects alone, but with a religion armed at all points complete,— Buddhism and its living traditions; far from being disconcerted, he discusses in a language of which he knows at most but a few words; or rather it is his air, his sincerity, and his faith that speak and attract; his soul inhabits the region of miracles. But the island of Japan is already too small for his burning enthusiasm for proselytism; it is into China, that shut up world, that he determines to penetrate, cost what it may.

He manages to get himself conveyed as far as the island of Sancham, the nearest to the continent. In a few days a boatman undertakes to ferry him across during the night to the entrance-gate of Canton. His faith is to do the rest. But being put off by the boatman from day to day, he dies, worn out, as it were, by expectation and impatience on the very threshold of that great empire. That is what the enthusiasm of a single man could effect, alone, unaided, and without either companions or any early expectation in the society. His faith, and faith alone, is a crown of glory which preserves him — opens every road. Foreign nations, without comprehending his language, see upon his brow the stamp of the man of God; and, in spite of themselves, acknowledge and salute him. Fascination becomes contagious; only one man had reached those shores, yet there is already a Christian Asia. After the sanctity of one, it now remains to see what cunning and calculation, backed by the concurrence of a great number, were able to effect.

Upon that road opened by the enthusiasm of Xavier, I see another generation of missionaries arrive, bringing with them the book of *Constitutions*, a *Code* of profoundly studied maxims and instructions.

If all this policy is to conduce to the establishment of religion, is it at least the Christian dogma that they are going to present to the belief of these new nations? Are so many crooked ways to end in imposing the Gospel by surprise? Here stratagem shines forth in its full extent. They seriously wanted to make all that eastern world fall into the greatest snare that was ever laid; they thought that those immense populations, with their firmly established religions and their experience of so many centuries, would rush headlong spontaneously into the ambush; they handed them a false Gospel, thinking there would always be time enough to bring them back to the true one. From Japan to Malabar, from the Archipelago of the Moluccas' Islands to the banks of the Indus, they wanted to envelop the continents and islands in one vast net of fraud, by presenting to that new universe a lying God in a lying Church: it is not I who speak thus, but the supreme authorities, the popes, Innocent X., Clement IX., Clement XII., Benedict XIII., Benedict XIV., who, in a multiplied and uninterrupted series of decrees, letters, briefs and bulls, attempted perpetually, but vainly, to bring back the missionaries of the Society of Jesus to the spirit of the Gospel. This is most remarkable, and shows plainly the strength of the system: the same men who had been formed to support papacy, as soon as they are no longer under its control, turn round against its decrees more boldly than all the other orders together; it is not their fault if they do not abolish in those distant regions not only papacy, but even Christianity.

For, in short, what alteration did they effect in it? Did they infuse into it a new life, or accommodate it to the climate, manners, and necessities of a new world? No. What was it, then? In fact, a mere trifle. These men of the Society of Jesus, in teaching Christ, concealed but one thing, the Passion, the suffering, the Calvary. These Christians denied only the Cross; *illos pudet Christum passum et crucifixum prædicare.* They are ashamed to show the Christ of the Passion, upon the crucifix (these are the terms used by the congregation of the Cardinals and Pope Innocent X.); or, if they go so far as to make use of the cross, they bury it under the flowers scattered at the foot of the idols, so that, while adoring the idol in public, it may be lawful to attribute this adoration to this hidden object. And it is by stratagems of this kind they expect to gain over innumerable nations and empires. In the country of pearls and precious stones, these worldly-minded men think they do wonders in the way of attracting souls, by showing them only a triumphant Christ, amid the presents of the wise men from the East (*rois mages*), reserving something about the truth to be said when the conversion was accomplished and baptism received. To oblige them to renounce this mad practice, into which they were urged by their system, it is necessary to send decree after decree, mandate after mandate, bull after bull; letters no longer sufficing, the papacy is obliged, so to speak, to arrive in person. A French prelate, the Cardinal de Tournon, is sent to repress this Christianity without the Cross, this Gospel without the Passion: scarcely had he arrived when the society ordered him to be cast into prison, where he died of grief and astonishment.

Besides, the dogma being thus mutilated, the application is immediately felt. If Christ is to be denied as poor, naked, and suffering, what follows? That the poor also, the outcast and sacrificed classes must also be denied; hence (for there is no halting in presence of this logic), the refusal to grant the Sacraments to the miserable, the classes reputed infirm, such as the parias.* This is what they accordingly do; and in spite of the authority and menaces of the decrees of Innocent X. in 1645, of Clement IX. in 1669, of Clement XII. in 1734 and 1739, and of the bull of Benedict XIV. in 1745, they persist in this monstrous absurdity of excluding the miserable from Christianity; that is to say, those for whom it was originally intended.

Here is the condemnation which the Apostolic Vicar of Clement XI. pronounced in 1704, at Pondicherry, on the spot: "We cannot suffer that the physicians of the soul should refuse to perform to

* Infirmis etiam abjectæ et infimæ conditionis vulgò dictis parias.

men of low condition those duties of charity which even their own pagan doctors, *medici gentiles*, do not refuse them." The expressions of Benedict XIV., in 1727, make us feel perhaps still more keenly this furious obstinacy of the missionaries in denying the miserable claues with whom Saint Francis Xavier had begun: "We will and order that the decree about the administration of the Holy Sacraments to dying persons of low condition called parias, be at length observed and executed, without farther delay, *ulteriori dilatione remotâ*." This does not prevent the papacy from being obliged twenty years afterwards to fulminate again upon the same subject, and so on, down to the abolition of the society. Now these are not preconceived opinions or malicious assertions, but facts emanating from the authority before which our adversaries are obliged to bow their heads.

Now, I ask, are these Christian or Pagan missions? In every case, what have they preserved of the spirit of the Gospel? The apostles of Christ found also, on leaving Judea, a new world before them, rich, proud, sensual, full of jewels and gold, and especially hostile to slaves. Among those men, was there one who, in presence of that Greek and Roman splendour, ever thought of dissembling the doctrine, or of hiding the cross before triumphant Pagan sensuality? Amid that world of patricians, did any one of them deny the slaves? On the contrary, what they especially showed up before the face of that gorgeous society, was the suffering God, Christ scourged, the eternal plebeian in the manger at Bethlehem. What Saint Peter and Saint Paul showed at Rome, amid her intoxicating luxury, was the cup of Calvary, with the gall and hyssop of Golgotha; and that is why they conquered. What need had Rome of a God invested with riches and power? That image of strength had appeared to her a hundred times before; but to be the mistress of the world, to be swimming in the wealth of the East, and meet with a naked flagellated God who pretends to gain her over by the cross of the slave, — that is something which surprises, overawes, and ends by subjugating her.

Suppose, instead of doing so, the apostles, the missionaries of Judea, had attempted to gain the world by surprise, made a compromise with it, showed of the Gospel only the part analogous to paganism, hidden Calvary and the sepulchre from the voluptuous inhabitants of Greece and Rome, and, instead of giving the Word in all its integrity to the world, had allowed nothing to appear but what would be agreeable to the world; in a word, imagine the apostles in their missions following the same policy as the missionaries of the Society of Jesus,— I say that they would have had in their enterprises in the Roman world the same issue as the Jesuits had in the

eastern world: namely, after a momentary success, obtained by surprise, they would have been soon rejected and extirpated from the society which they had come to ensnare. Princes, adroitly circumvented, might have lent an ear for a moment; but they would not have seen the hearts of so many patricians and Roman matrons become so deeply rooted in the Gospel as to defy all the storms of persecution. A few intelligent persons might perhaps have been attracted by a promise of felicity devoid of the pain by which it is acquired; but the disowned slaves would not have run forward at the voice of the god-slave. Policy against policy, that of Tiberius and Domitian would, doubtless, have been as good as that which was opposed against them. Worldly cunning, mixed up with the Gospel, would, without deceiving the world, have dried up the Gospel at its source; the result of so many stratagems would have been, by corrupting Christianity, to defraud for a long time the world, at once abused and undeceived.

This is point for point the history of the Society of Jesus in its illustrious missions in the East. In these days we are too much accustomed to believe that intrigue is omnipotent for the success of business. See what it ends in, as soon as it is applied to the great scale of humanity. Follow those vast enterprises on the coasts of Malabar, in China, and above all in Japan. Read, and study these events in the writers of the Order, and compare the design with the success! The history of those missions is in itself very uniform: first, an easy success; the chief of the country, the emperor, is gained over, seduced, and courted; even a part of the population follow the conversion of the chief; then, at a given moment, the chief perceives or fancies he perceives an imposture; thence follows a reaction so much more violent as the confidence had been at first implicit; the population falling away at the same time as their chief; persecution exterminating those who were truly converted; the mission scouted without leaving scarcely any vestige: the Gospel compromised, shipwrecked upon a cursed shore, which remains for ever deserted; — such is the summary of all those histories.

And yet who could ever read them without admiration? What ability! what genius in resources! what skill in details! how many proofs of noble courage! and how badly they know me if they think I have no heart for such things! what heroism among private individuals! what obedience among the inferiors! and what combinations among the superiors! It is impossible to carry further patience, fervour, and resolution.

Well! what is more surprising than all that, is, that so many labours, so many proofs of associated devotion, ended in producing nothing! How can this have happened? Because though individuals were devoted, the maxims of the body were bad. Who ever saw

the like of this? This Society, at bottom, deserves rather pity than anger! Who ever worked more, yet who ever reaped less? It has sown upon the sand; and for having mixed up with intrigue the Gospel, it has undergone the strangest chastisement in the world; and this punishment consists in ever working, and never reaping. What it raises with one hand, in the name of the Gospel, it overthrows with the other in the name of policy. That Society alone has received the terrible doom, that it produces martyrs, and that the blood of its martyrs produces only brambles.

Throughout that immense East, where are its establishments, its colonies, its spiritual conquests? What now remains of it in those powerful islands where it reigned for a moment? Who remembers it? In spite of so many private virtues and so much blood courageously shed, the breath of cunning has passed by there, and has effaced every thing. The Gospel introduced by a spirit opposed to it, would not grow and flourish there. Rather than confirm hostile doctrines, it preferred withering away. Such is the fruit of their ambush prepared to envelop the world.

But I hear some one say: "Yet they have done one great thing in the East."— Yes, doubtless. What? — "They have opened the way for England." — Oh! there I was waiting for them, for there the measure of their chastisement is complete. Listen! the missionaries of the Society of Jesus, the messengers, the defenders, the heroes of Catholicism pave the way for Protestantism! the representatives of Popery prepare, at the extremity of the world, a road for Calvin and Luther! Is not this a malediction of Providence? It is at least an excess of misery fit to excite the pity of their greatest enemies. (*Applause.*)

Now, this judgment has not been inflicted on them in eastern Asia alone; but on all sides I find these cunning snarers caught in their own trap. It has been said that their most powerful adversaries, such as Voltaire and Diderot, have sprung from their own schools; that is true again, if applied, not to individuals, but to territories, or whole continents! Follow them into the vast wildernesses of Louisiana and North America; that is one of the scenes of their finest victories.

There also, other Xaviers, sent by an order of the chief, wander alone and silently amid unexplored lakes and forests. They embark in the canoe of the wild Indian, and follow with him the course of mysterious rivers; once more they sow the Gospel there, and once more an angry blast disperses the seed, before it has time to shoot. The genius of the Society stalks secretly behind each of those missionaries, and sterilises the soil as fast as it is cultivated. After a moment's hope, all disappears, wafted away by some invisible power. The fortunate period of that sa-

vage Christianity is in the middle of the seventeenth century. As early as 1722, Father Charlevoix goes and follows the traces of those missions of the Society of Jesus. He scarcely discovers the slightest vestige of them; these defenders of Catholicism are found again to have laboured only for their enemies; and these pretended apostles of Popery have also opened the road for Protestantism, which envelops them before they perceive it. In emerging from those deep forests where they have been contending with the Indian in stratagem, they fancy they have been building for Rome, but they have built for the United States; once more, in the grand policy of Providence, cunning has recoiled upon cunning.

But, it has been given to the Society of Jesus to realise once, upon a people, the ideal of its doctrines: during a period of a hundred and fifty years, it has succeeded in introducing its entire principle into the organization of the republic of Paraguay: from this political application, you may judge it in its grandest form. In Europe, and in Asia, it had been more or less molested by existing powers; but here, in the bosom of the wilds of South America, a vast territory is allowed it, with the opportunity of applying its civilising genius to nations entirely new,—the Indians of the Pampas. It so happens that its method of education which blighted full-grown nations, seems for some time to suit these infant populations wonderfully well; it manages with a truly admirable intelligence to attract, pen up, isolate, and retain them in an eternal noviciate. It was a republic of children, in which a sovereign art was shown to give them every thing but that which might develop man in the new-born infant.

Each of these strange citizens of the republic of the Guaranis is to veil his face in presence of the Fathers, and kiss the hem of their garments; and introducing into that legislation of a people the *souvenirs* of the schools of that period, men, women, and even magistrates are, for trifling faults, whipped in the market-place. From time to time, life makes an effort to burst forth among these *swaddled* populations; then, they are like wild beasts roaring, riots, revolts, which, for some time, drive away and disperse the missionaries; after which, each re-enters his former condition as if nothing had happened: the crowd, their puerile dependence, and the institutors, their authority of divine right. With the breviary in one hand and the rod in the other, a few men conduct and preserve like a flock of sheep the last remnants of the empire of the Incas. That is a grand sight in itself, if we add to it an infinite care to detach themselves from the rest of the universe, and, in spite of the silence which envelops them, continual revolutions, which excite a

certain suspicion, of which no one can divest himself; neither the king of Spain, nor the regular clergy, nor the pope. This education of a people is accomplished in profound mystery, as if there was a question of some infernal plot. From time to time, when they are pressed, these missionary Fathers, according to the expression of one among them, are seen to rush with their newly converted to chase the Indians, as at a tiger-hunt, shut them up in a reserved enclosure, and gradually appease, tame, and pen them up in the church.

To this constitution is attached the triumph of the Society of Jesus; since there it is that it has placed its soul and its whole character. But, is it sure that this mysterious colonization is the germ of a great empire? Where is the sign of life? Everywhere else we hear at least the lisping of infant societies in their cradle; here, I am much afraid, I confess, lest so deep a silence, for three centuries, in the same place, be not a bad omen, and lest the *régime* which has been able so speedily to enervate virgin nature, be not that which develops the Guatimozins and the Montezumas. The Society of Jesus has fallen; but its people of Paraguay survive it, ever more and more mysteriou and mute. Their frontiers have become still more inaccessible. Silence has increased two-fold, and despotism also; the Utopia of the Company of Jesus is realised: a state without either noise, movement, pulsation, or any apparent respiration. God grant that it do not shroud itself in so many mysteries only to conceal a corpse!

Thus, to sum up all at once, a Machiavelic heroism, which entangles itself in its own snare, or which leaves behind it only the silence of the dead,—such is the result of so many stratagems to spread abroad the word of life; a partial success here and there among tribes separated by deserts, among families and individuals; a complete impotency, as soon as ever they enter into a contest with formed nations, and established religions, such as Islamism, Brahmanism, or Buddhism.

However, if we would be just, we must accuse not only the policy of the Society of Jesus, but an evil far more profound. To evangelise the earth, what is it we present to it? A divided Christianity. What began the evil in the missions was the enmity of the orders; what completed it was the enmity of the forms of worship.

In every direction, even in the remotest regions of the globe, Catholicism and Protestantism have been seen paralysing each other. Contended for by these contrary influences, what can Islamism, Brahmanism, and Buddhism do, but wait till we are agreed among ourselves? The first step to be taken, is therefore for us to aim not to perpetuate discord, but to manifest the living unity of the Christian world; for we are not alone in the expectation of a day which is to unite all nations in one people of God. Of

all the religions which cover the earth, there is not one that does not aspire to efface all the others by some kind of favour of Providence. Yet, behold them: they no longer undertake anything serious against each other; at most they only take from each other a few individuals by surprise; in other respects, no openly avowed project of a grand struggle in broad day-light. Something seems to tell them they cannot overcome one another. Imagine ages to pass away, you would still find them in the same place, only still more immoveable. Do what they will, such as they are, neither will Catholicism extirpate Protestantism, nor Protestantism Catholicism.

Must we then renounce the promised unity, brotherhood, and bond of mutual friendship? Why this would be renouncing Christianity. Are we to live indifferently, side by side, as in two sepulchres, without any further hope of touching one another's hearts? That is the worst of deaths. Or are we to recommence our blind and sanguinary struggles? That is impious and impossible. Instead therefore of wasting our time in so many sterile enmities, I imagine it would be much better to strive seriously in ourselves to develop our inheritance and received tradition. For amid this profound immobility of religions which mutually keep each other in check, the future will belong not to the one that shall harass its rivals the most, but to the one which will venture to advance a step. All the others would be obedient to this manifestation of life. This first step alone would reopen the empires now shut to the missionaries of the dead letter. So many nations now in suspense, and beyond all hope, feeling the impulse of the spirit re-entering the world, would arise and continue their journey towards God; and intestine warfare ceasing in Christianity, the enterprise of missions might one day be accomplished.

LECTURE V.

POLITICAL THEORIES. ULTRAMONTANISM.

A MEMBER of the higher clergy, a bishop of France*, a man whose sincerity I respect, using the right of his position and conviction, in a letter, now published, and partly directed against my lectures, finishes with these words, addressed to myself: *"Since he has been neither reproved, censured, nor disavowed, it is evident that he has received his mission."* These words, invested with so high an authority, oblige me to say that which will give much pleasure to our adversaries, viz., that I have received no mission from anybody but myself; I have consulted only the dignity and rights of the mind; and to walk in this path, which I believe to be that of the truth, I have not waited to know whether I should be censured or approved. If, then, it be an error, under the *régime* of the Revolution, to proclaim the right of discussion; if it be an error, in the spirit of Christianity, to invoke unity instead of discord, reality instead of semblance, life instead of the letter,—it is right that this fault should recoil only on me; the more so as I feel plainly that I am becoming more and more rooted in it every day, and I have already passed the age when one follows unwittingly the impulse and mission of others. By what favour should I have been chosen to speak in the name of the University, when I do not even belong to that body? No, gentlemen; the fault belongs to me entirely, and, if there be any chastisement, it must belong to me also (*applause*).

The character which we have unravelled, from its very origin, in the Society of Jesus, is stamped with extraordinary precision in its economy and interior *régime*. All the spirit of the society is comprised in the principle of domestic economy which I am going to unfold. The Company of Jesus has been able, by a prodigy of address, to conciliate at once poverty and riches. By poverty, it courts piety; by riches, power. But how do they conciliate these two things in equity? In this manner.

According to its rules, submitted to the council of Trent, it is composed of two sorts of establishments of different natures; houses for noviciates (*maisons professes*), which can possess nothing in

* The bishop of Chartres.

person (that is the essential part); and colleges, which can acquire, inherit, and possess (this is the accidental part): which brings me to say, that the society is instituted in such a manner as to be able altogether to refuse and accept; to live according to the Gospel, or according to the world. Let us be more precise. At the end of the sixteenth century, I find it had twenty-one houses and 293 colleges; that is to say, twenty-one hands to refuse, and 293 to accept with and seize. Such is, briefly, the secret of its interior economy: let us pass on now to its relations with the outward and political world.

The Society of Jesus, in the midst of its foreign missions, ended in letting itself be caught in its own snare; I wish now to investigate whether something similar did not befall it in Europe. whether the policy of the sixteenth century did not become a two-edged sword in its hands, which it at length turned against itself.

What is the character of a truly living religion in its relations with policy? It is to communicate its strength to the states of which it becomes the base; to diffuse a powerful inspiration among the nations which conform to its principle; to be interested in them; to lend them support to grow beneath its shadow. What would you say, if, instead of this propagating life, you found somewhere a religious society which, to whatever political form it may be associated, whether a monarchy, an aristocracy, or a democracy, secretly declares itself the enemy of that constitution, and strives to undermine it, as if it was impossible for it to suffer any alliance? What would you say of a society which, in whatever form it be cast, had a sovereign art to unravel, under the artificial forms of laws and written institutions, the genuine principle of political life, and immediately setting about sapping it at the root?

The religions of antiquity, as long as they existed, served as foundations to certain political forms, — Pantheism to the oriental castes, and Polytheism to the Greek and Roman republics. With Christianity, we see something new, — a religion which, without delighting exclusively in one political mould, allies itself to all the forms of known societies. As it is life itself, it distributes it to whatever forms an alliance with it, — to the feudal monarchy of the barbarians; to the citizen republics of Tuscany; to the senatorial republics of Venice and Genoa; to the Spanish cortes; to pure, limited, or absolute monarchy; to the tribe, to the clan, — in a word, to all the groups of the human family; and this religious soul, distributed everywhere, and penetrating into all forms to increase and develop them, formed the organization of the Christian world.

In the midst of this general concord, I find something strange, which suddenly gives me an insight into the nature of the Order of Jesus. When placed in a monarchy, it undermines it in the name

of democracy*; again, it saps democracy in the name of monarchy; whatever it be in the beginning, it ever ends, strange enough, by being equally opposed to French royalty under Henry III., to English aristocracy under James II., to Venetian oligarchy, to Dutch liberty, and to Spanish, Russian, and Neapolitan autocracy; hence it has been expelled *thirty-nine times* by governments, not only of different, but of opposite forms. There comes a moment when these governments feel that this order is about to stifle, in them, the very principle of existence; then, whatever be their origin they expel it after having invited it. We shall see presently for the profit of what idea the Society of Jesus provokes in time the death of every positive form of constitution of state and political organization.

In examining the spirit of the early publicists of the order, we first remark, that they appear at the moment when the great monarchies of Europe were becoming completely formed. The immediate future of Spain, France, and England, in the sixteenth century, appertains to royalty, which personifies, at that moment, the life of nations and states. It is by the standard of the royal power that the pulsation and the palpitation of life in modern nations, at the close of the middle ages, are to be measured. In the absence of other institutions it represents, at the close of the Renaissance, the work of bygone ages, unity, nationality, and the country; and it is also against this power that the publicists of the Society of Jesus declare themselves, at the outset; they lower it, and want to mutilate it, when it contains the principle of the initiative and bears the standard.

But in the name of what idea do these Bellarmins and Marianas endeavour to ruin it? Who would believe it? In the name of the sovereignty of the people. "Monarchies," says this school, "were seen in a dream by Daniel; because they were only vain spectres, and have nothing real, but a vain outward pomp." Not knowing what idea they are letting loose, and fancying they are arming themselves only with a phantom, they appeal to opinion, to the popular sovereignty, to abase and depress the public power which separates them from domination. It is true, that, after having given the good pleasure of the crowd, *beneplacita multitudinis*, as a base to monarchy, these great democracies of 1600 make no difficulty of reducing to nothing the authority of universal suffrage; so that, overthrowing royalty by the people, and the people by the ecclesiastical authority, nothing remains ultimately but to abandon themselves to their own principle.

Accordingly, when all the characters were reversed, and the writers

* Bellarmin. De Potestate Summ. Pontif. cap. v. p. 77.

of the order had prematurely made use of sovereignty to abolish sovereignty, do you know what refuge they preserved who wished to protect the civil and political law against theocracy? The school of the Society of Jesus menaced to kill liberty by liberty, even before its birth. In order to escape from that extraordinary snare, Sarpi and the independent party were obliged to put forward that political power, royal power, was also of divine right; that thus the state had its *reason of existence* as well as the papacy, and that it could not be enslaved by the latter, since it had, like the latter, an unassailable foundation: that is to say, by an overthrow of all truth, and by a stratagem which threatened to destroy at its source the idea of civil and political existence, ecclesiastics speaking only of the sovereignty of the people to ruin it, politicians were obliged to speak only of divine right in order to save it.

The question being thus stated, there remained a bold step to be taken by the theocratic party, in order to resolve it; this was to go so far as to avow the doctrine of *regicide;* they did not recoil before that necessity. Doubtless, amid the wild fury of the League, there was no lack of preachers of different orders who anticipated the doctrine. But what nobody denies is, that it belongs to the members of the Society of Jesus to have founded it scientifically, and erected it into a theory. Their popular axiom of that time is well known: it requires but a pawn to checkmate a king!

From 1590 to 1620, the most important doctors of the order, retiring from strife and peaceably secluded in the recesses of their convents, such as Emanuel Sâ, Alphonso Salméron, Gregorio de Valencia, and Antonio Santarem, establish positively the right of political assassination. This is, in a few words, the whole theory, which, in that interval, is very uniform: either the tyrant possesses the state by legitimate right, or he has usurped it. In the former case, he can be divested by a public judgment, after which every one becomes the executor at pleasure; or else the tyrant is illegitimate, and then any one of the people can kill him. *Unusquisque de populo potest occidere,* says Emanuel Sâ in 1590; it is lawful for any man to kill a tyrant who is such in substance, says Adam Tanner, a German Jesuit, *tyrannus quoad substantiam;* it is glorious to exterminate him, *exterminare gloriosum est,* concludes another author of no less weight; Alphonso Salméron attributes to the pope the right of killing by a single word, provided he lend not his own hand to it, *potest verbo corporalem vitam auferre;* for, in receiving the right of feeding the sheep did he not also receive that of massacring the wolves, *potestatem lupos interficiendi?* According to the theory of Bellarmin, the wisest, the most learned, and the most moderate of all, at least in the forms, it belongs not to monks nor to ecclesiastics to slaughter,

cædes facere, or to kill kings in ambush; the usage * is first to correct them paternally, *paterne corripere*, afterwards to excommunicate them, then to deprive them of royal authority, after which the execution belongs to others: *Executio ad alios pertinet.*

There is especially a celebrated work in which these theories are summed up with an audacity that is perfectly astounding, when we remember for what readers it was composed: I mean the book *De Rege*, by the Jesuit Mariana. This work was written under the eyes of Philip II. for the education of his son. Every where else Jesuitism proceeds by tortuous paths; but here it stalks in all the dignity of the Spanish hidalgo. How well he perceives that the royalty of Spain is entangled in the meshes of theocracy! In speaking in the name of papal Rome, it is lawful for him to say any thing. Hence, with what astounding frankness he tramples upon civil authority, whenever it but wants to escape from a state of dependency henceforth avowed and consented to!

Notwithstanding the difference of genius, Machiavel's Prince might well be compared with Mariana's King. Machiavel makes use of all the vices, provided they be strong; he wants to turn them to the profit of the political independence of the state; and Mariana consents to all the virtues, provided they end in abasing the state before the order of the clergy. Would you believe that he goes so far as to require, in the name of these same virtues, an impunity for whatever crimes are committed by ecclesiastics? And this is not a counsel, but a command. "Let no one of the clergy be condemned, even when he may have deserved it."† It is better that crimes should remain unpunished, *præstat scelera impunita relinqui.* This impunity being established, he demands, in conclusion, that the head of the clergy be not only the head of the church, but also that of the state; and thus civil affairs be given up to them as well as religious ones. I confess I love to perceive the pride of the Castilian in this Jesuitism of Mariana. *If not, not:* who would have expected to find the formula of the ancient *fueros* transferred into the diplomacy of Loyola?

But at least, after these hard conditions which the theocratic spirit imposes upon this ideal royalty, what sort of guarantee will it afford it? That of the dagger. After Mariana has fettered royalty with the theocratical power, to make more sure of her, he suspends above her brow the menace of assassination, and thus founds, at the footstool of the papacy, an absolute monarchy, tempered by the right of the poignard. See how, in the middle of the theory, he leaves off to

* Ipsorum mos est.

† Neminem ex sacratc ordine supplicio quamvis merito subjiciat. — *De Rege*, lib. i. cap. x. p. 88

brandish before the eyes of his royal pupil the still reeking knife of Jacques Clement. "Lately," says he, "a memorable, noble, and magnificent exploit has been accomplished in France * for the instruction of impious princes. Clement, by killing the king, has made for himself a gigantic name: *ingens sibi nomen fecit.* Clement has perished! He, the eternal honour of France (*æternum Galliæ decus*) according to the opinion of the greater number, . . . a young man of a simple mind and a delicate body, . . . but a superior power nerved his arm and his mind." †

This example being thus consecrated, he founds in his turn his doctrine of regicide with the firmness of Machiavel. In ordinary cases, an assembly ought to be convened to give judgment: in the absence of this assembly, the public voice of the people, *publica vox populi*, or the opinion of grave and learned men ‡ ought to suffice. Above all, let it not be feared "that too many individuals may abuse this right of handling the dagger. Human affairs would go on better if there were found many men with brave hearts, *forti pectore*, who despise their own salvation; the majority are withheld by a respect for their own lives."

In this path, which Mariana has pursued with so much assurance, one scruple suddenly possesses him. What is it? Whether it be lawful to make use of poison as well as the dagger. Here those distinctions of casuistry reappear from which, till now, he had freed himself. He decides against poison from an exclusively Christian motive,—because the prince, in drinking the prepared medicament §, would unwittingly commit a demi-suicide,—a thing contrary to the evangelical law. However, since fraud and ruse are legitimate, he finds out this modification: that poisoning is lawful, whenever the prince does not poison himself: for instance, if they make use of a poison sufficiently subtle to kill only by impregnating with its substance the royal vestment, *nimirum cum tanta vis est veneni, ut sellâ eo aut veste delibutâ vim interficiendi habeat.*

Now, remember that this book is not an ordinary work, but written for the education of the future king of Spain! What depth, and what audacity! In the midst of the court, and under the pure gold of the Gospel and the morality of Xenophon, to make his royal disciple thus feel, in anticipation, the dagger's point at his breast, to present menaces at the same time with instruction, to keep the arm of the Society raised above the child about to reign, and fix before his face the poignard of Jacques Clement to his crown! What a mas-

* Facinus memorabile, nobile, insigne. — *De Rege*, lib. i. cap. vi.
† Sed major vis vires et animum confirmabat. — *Ibid.*, p. 54.
‡ Viri eruditi et graves. — *Ibid.*, cap. vi. p. 60.
§ Noxium medicamentum. — *Ibid.*, cap. vii. p. 67.

ter-stroke of policy on the part of the Society of Jesus! And on the part of the *institutor*, what proud daring! What a warning for the pupil! A sudden horror and terror never to be appeased! Be not surprised if this young Philip III. lives as if his blood was frozen in his veins, if he retires as much as possible from royalty, if he moves in the solitude of the Escurial only to imitate the pilgrimage of Loyola. Ever since that day, half terrified and half overawed, the Spanish dynasty of the house of Austria swoons beneath that icy hand, ever raised against it. That hand resembles that of the commander in the *Festin de pierre:* whether king or people, it drags away irrevocably whomsoever it clasps.

Assuredly a young dauphin of Spain might well turn pale when a man as knowing as Philip II. in every species of plotting would say: "The only order which I cannot at all understand is the Order of the Jesuits." Would you like to know the opinion of a superlatively brave man about them, one whom they taught to be afraid? Here is the answer of Henry IV. to Sully, who was averse to the return of the Jesuits; the king avows that he opens France to them again only because he is afraid of them: "By necessity I am now obliged to do one of these two things; namely, to admit the Jesuits purely and simply, to clear them of the infamy and opprobrium with which they have been branded, and to put their very fine oaths and excellent promises to the proof; or else to reject them more absolutely than ever, and behave towards them with all the rigour and severity that can be devised, in order that they may never approach either me or my states; in which case there is no doubt but it will be casting them into utter despair, and thereby, into designs of taking away my life, which would render it miserable and melancholy, ever remaining thus in dread of being poisoned or assassinated*; for those people have secret intelligence and correspondence everywhere, and much skill in influencing minds just as they please; so that it would be much better for me to be dead at once, being herein of the opinion of Cæsar, that the mildest death is the one which is the least foreseen and expected."†

However, this avowed doctrine of regicide lasted but for a time; it belongs to that period of fervour which characterised the first phasis of the Order of Jesus. In 1614, the era having changed, the dagger-law is replaced by a more profound establishment, which,

* In spite of these awful words, will it be believed that our adversaries plead precisely in their defence Henry the Fourth's intimate sympathy for them? According to them, these words are but one *grace* more from him towards them. According to this way of reckoning, if we are not their friends, we are evidently at least their partizans.

† *Memoires de Sully*, t. v. p. 113.

without killing the man, annihilates only the king. The confessor succeeds the regicide; there are no longer any Jacques Clements, Jeans Châtels, Barrieres, &c.; but there appears something far more frightful. Behind every king there is seen walking a man of the Society of Jesus, who, day and night, with the authority of infernal threats, holds the soul in his grasp, corrupts it by the spiritual exercises, and abases it to the level and tone of the Company; the latter refusing to produce ministers in order to seat itself upon the throne by the side of the penitent. Not being able to crush royalty under the foot of theocracy, they do better, they slip their head into the crown through the confessional, and the work is accomplished. For the point in question is not to whisper the living truth in the ears of kings, but much rather to lull and disarm their conscience by filling it with the buzz of enmities and jealousies; and nothing is more strange than to perceive, amid the increasing life of modern societies, so many princes and sovereigns moved in a mechanical manner by that will which they borrow, every day, of those who make a profession of abasing the will.

Wherever a dynasty expires, I see one of these gloomy figures of Jesuit confessors rising behind it from the earth, like an evil genius, and drawing it gently and paternally into death, — Father Nithard by the side of the last heir of the Austrian dynasty in Spain, Father Auger with the last of the Valois, Father Peters with the last of the Stuarts, — not to speak of other times which you have witnessed and which are nearer our own. But only remember the figure of Father Le Tellier in the memoirs of St. Simon! It is the only one which that bold writer has sketched with a sort of terror. What a lugubrious air, what a presentiment of death it spreads throughout all that society! I know nothing indeed more terrible than the exchange made between those two men, Louis XIV. and Father Tellier; the king abandoning every day a part of his moral life, and Father Tellier communicating every day a part of his leaven of hatred; that imposing ruin of a noble mind no longer defending itself; that sustained ardour of intrigue which invades every thing that conscience has lost; that emulation between greatness and littleness, that triumph of a petty spirit; lastly, the soul of Father Tellier, which seems to occupy entirely the abode of the soul of Louis XIV., and to invade the conscience of the kingdom; and in that incredible exchange which deprives the one of every thing and gives nothing to the other, France no longer knowing her old king, and by his death feeling herself delivered altogether of the double load of the egotism of absolute power, and the egotism of a political religion. What a warning! In spite of the difference of the times, how necessary it is never to forget it! (*Applause.*)

We are now approaching a decisive revolution in the political theories of Jesuitism. Never was there so sudden a change or so audacious a manœuvre. We are entering upon the eighteenth century; the doctrines which Jesuitism had agitated at its birth cease to be a phantom; they assume a body, and become a reality in the minds of men. The royalty of opinion, the sovereignty of the people, the liberty of popular election, law founded upon social contract, liberty, independence, — all these things cease to be empty words, they now circulate, become animated, and are developed throughout the whole century. In a word, they are no longer college themes, but a reality.

What are these intrepid republicans of the Society of Jesus about to do in presence of the doctrines with which they began? To repudiate them, annihilate them, if they can. With that sovereign instinct which they possess to surprise life in the bud, they turn round and rush madly against their own doctrines as soon as ever they begin to flourish. Has not this been their part for the last century and a half? Is there one among them, during all that time, who has not laboured to destroy that power of opinion which the founders had put forward, without knowing that the word would wax strong, and that the programme of the League would become a verity?

In the sixteenth century, who is it that proclaims, even with the goodwill of Philip II., the doctrine of the sovereignty of the people, when it has no chance of being put in practice? The Society of Jesus. In the eighteenth, who combats furiously the sovereignty of the people, when, ceasing to be an abstraction, it becomes an institution? The Society of Jesus. Who are, in the eighteenth century, the most insulting enemies of philosophy? They who in the sixteenth laid down the same principles as those of philosophy, without wishing to make anything of them but an instrument of warfare. Who are the men who in the eighteenth century set about strengthening with their doctrine the absolute and schismatic power of Catherine II. and Frederic II.? They who in the sixteenth spoke only of overthrowing, crushing, and poignarding absolute and schismatic power in the name of the people; for we must not forget, that when the Society of Jesus was abolished by the pope, it found a refuge from the supreme authority in the very heart of the despotism of Catherine II. There, for a moment, was seen a strange league, that of despotism, atheism, and Jesuitism, against all the living powers of opinion. From 1773 to 1814, that interval when the Order of Jesus is considered as dead by the papacy, it obstinately determines to live in spite of it, harboured, so to speak, in the heart of the atheism of the court of Russia; and there it was found entire as soon as ever they wanted it.

If these be not contradictions enough, let us examine the monuments which in our days are the most impregnated with its spirit. Nobody in our time has reproduced with more authority than Messrs. de Bonald and de Maistre the new political maxims of the theocratic school. Ask them what they think of election, opinion, and the sovereignty of the people. That sovereignty, replies their orator, M. de Maistre, in the name of all, is an *anti-christian* dogma; so much for orthodoxy. But they do not remain satisfied with condemning what they had formerly consecrated; they must also scoff at it with that affectation of insolence peculiar to fallen aristocracies, when they have no longer any other weapons. Hence that sovereignty so cried up by the Bellarmins, Marianas, and Emmanuel Sâs, is nothing more in M. de Maistre's opinion than a philosophical wrangling (*une criaillerie philosophique*)*; *to make it spring from the people* is to make it *odious and ridiculous.*† Are these defections enough? Having reached this point the evolution is complete. They have turned against the popular institution the weapon they had whetted for the monarchical institution; and if from all that has been said anything result with manifest evidence, it is that, after having wished to ruin royalty in the sixteenth century, by the authority of the people, they have wanted to ruin nations, in the nineteenth, by the authority of kings. It is no longer the prince whom they pretend to poignard: what is it then? Opinion.

Thus, the function of Jesuitism, in its relations with politics, has been to destroy monarchy by democracy, one by the other, and reciprocally, till all those forms being worn out or discredited, nothing remains but to plunge outright into the constitution and the ideal, inherent in the Society of Loyola. I cannot enough wonder how some persons in our days allow themselves to be blinded by this semblance of democracy, without seeing that that pretended demagogy of the League concealed nothing at bottom but a vast trap to ensnare at once royalty and the people. When Mariana and the doctors of that school have well argued to support royalty by democracy, they add, without being disconcerted, these two words, which overthrow all their edifice: democracy is a perturbation—*Democratia quæ perversio est.*

What, then, was the object of the members of the Society of Jesus in using so much labour, so many stratagems? And what do they now want? To destroy for the pleasure of destroying? Not at all. They wish, what is innate in the mind of every man and of every society, to realize the ideal which they bear written in their law, to approach it by doubling and winding, if they cannot attain it in a

* M. de Maistre, *Le Pape*, p. 152.

† *Ibid.*, p. 159.

direct manner. It is the condition of their nature, which they cannot renounce without ceasing to exist. The whole question amounts to this: to find out what social form is necessarily derived from the spirit of the Society of Jesus. But to discover this plan, it is sufficient to open our eyes; since, with that audacity which they unite to stratagem, their great civilians have clearly defined it. This ideal is theocracy.

Only open the works of their exponent, of him who has so long protected them with his words, of that man who gives such a gentle temperate expression to such violent ideas, of their doctor and apostle, the wise Bellarmin. He makes no secret of it: his formula of government is the submission of the political power to the ecclesiastical power; it is, for the clergy, the privilege of escaping, even in civil matters, from the jurisdiction of the state*; in the political power, it is subordination to the religious authority which can depose, revoke, and pen it up, *as they separate a ram from the flock*; it is moreover, on the side of the clergy, the privilege of eseaping, even in temporal affairs, from common law by divine right; in a word, the unity of the church and state, on condition that one be submissive to the other, as the body is to the mind; a monarchy, a democracy, an aristocracy, no matter which, with *the pope's veto*— that is to say, a State decapitated; such is the charter of the Order, drawn up by the learned pen of Bellarmin.

Who would have expected to find, in the sixteenth century, the Ultramontanism of Gregory VII., word for word, as a compact of alliance? We are now handling burning coals—whatever is inmost, most imperishable in the spirit of the founders of the Order. Not satisfied with filching back, even from the bosom of the Reformation, the religious dogma of the middle ages, they thought also to get back the political dogma. In their eagerness to recover every thing, they wanted the papacy to assume the ambition it had itself laid aside, as if that sovereign power which raises and deposes governments by a kind of social miracle, could recompose itself laboriously by science, controversies, and disputes! That power appears by acting: as soon as it needs to prove itself, it ceases to exist. I never heard that Gregory VII. wrote long treatises to demonstrate that he had the power of fulminating; he fulminated indeed by a letter, a word, a nod; kings bowed their heads, and doctors held their peace.

But to imagine that in order to reascend to that Sinai of the middle ages, to collect again the flashing rays which glowed upon the

* Clericos à jurisdictione seculari exemptos non tantum in spiritualibus, sed etiam in temporalibus. — *De Potest. Summ. Pont.*, cap. xxxiv. pp. 273. 281. 283, &c.

brow of Hildebrand, and reached, without any intermediator, the hearts of prostrate nations; to imagine that, for such prodigies, it is enough to heap up arguments after arguments, texts upon texts, or even ruse upon ruse, is once more to take the letter instead of the spirit. The Society of Loyola has served to maintain the papacy upon the throne of the middle ages; and because all the exterior has remained the same, it cannot conceive that the papacy does not exercise the authority it had in the middle ages; the Society of Jesus has restored to the papacy its material thunders; and it wonders that the papacy does not overawe the world with them; forgetting that to anathematize minds, it is necessary first to rekindle the rays of the spirit.

Such is the true misfortune of this Order in the political system. Deceived by the material vision of Hildebrand, it pursues an impossible ideal. It agitates itself eternally, without succeeding in anything; unhappy, at bottom, you may be sure, under these pretended conquests; for it torments itself more than any other, and for what? To inspire the papacy with a passion for authority, which it no longer either can or will conceive. It agitates and fatigues itself, and why? To recover a shred of that phantom of Gregory VII., which is fading every year more and more, sinking ever one step lower in the irrevocable past.

Certainly the unity of Church and State, of the spiritual and temporal, is a grand word. I will easily admit, if they will, that the separation of one from the other is an evil in itself; only, since it has become apparent to everybody, and they have not been able to prevent it, a greater evil would be to deny it. When all the nations of the Christian family acknowledge the authority of one same chief, in the middle ages, the intervention of that supreme authority in public affairs might be a thing of inestimable value. The dependency of the European nations under one same spiritual power did but establish their reciprocal equality. But now when the half of them reject that yoke, and are enjoying their freedom, do we know what would be the situation of those who would accept it fully as in the past?

Since the rupture in the sixteenth century, let them quote a single nation in whom the intervention, even indirect, of the spiritual in the temporal, that is to say, Ultramontanism, has not been a cause of ruin! From what period has France been all she can be? Since Louis XIV. and the declaration of 1682, which clearly defined the independence of the State. On the contrary, what have you done with the nations that have remained the most faithful to your doctrines? What have you done with Italy? In the name of Unity you have divided her piecemeal; she cannot become one again. What have you done with Spain, Portugal, and South

America? Those nations followed the impulse of theocracy; how have they been rewarded? By all the appearances of death. What have you done with Poland? She also remained faithful, and you delivered her up to the arms of the schismatic.

On the other hand, the nations which are now powerful, which have at least in their favour all the signs of good fortune, those which aspire to grand enterprises, which are awake and growing, — England, Prussia, Russia, and the United States, — are they *ultramontanists*? If we are to believe you, they are scarcely Christians.

Whence proceeds this strange overthrow? How is it that submission to the spiritual power spreads every where ruin and decay? And why is it that the nations which have abandoned themselves to that direction have fallen into irremediable lethargy? Is not the nature of the mind to awake rather than slumber? Assuredly. Ought not the mind to command the body? Doubtless. Then the doctrine of Ultramontanism is then in itself philosophically and theoretically true? I indeed consider it as legitimate. What, then, can be wanting that Providence should refute it in so striking a manner? Only one condition: for instance; if all the relations being reversed, the mind ceased to think, and left that task to the body; if the word was preserved without the reality, if the spiritual allowed itself to be dispossessed of the spirit, if, by a notorious inversion, there had been for three centuries more martyrs in political revolutions than in ecclesiastical quarrels, more enthusiasm among the laity and among the regular clergy, more fervour in philosophy than in controversy, in a word, more soul in the temporal than in the spiritual. The result would be that some would have kept the letter, whilst others had acquired the substance; but, to lead the world, it is not sufficient to say with the lips, Lord, Lord: to contain power, those words ought also to contain reality, inspiration, and life.

LECTURE VI.

PHILOSOPHY. — JESUITISM IN THE TEMPORAL ORDER. — CONCLUSION.

June 14.

We have seen the Society of Jesus successively warring with the individual in the *Spiritual Exercises* of Loyola, with political society in Ultramontanism, and with foreign religions in the missions: to finish the examination of its doctrines, it now remains to see them struggling with the human mind, in philosophy, science, and theology. It was nothing to send bold messengers to the end of the world, to gain over by surprise a few foreign tribes to a disguised Gospel; to ruin royalty by the people, and the people by royalty; these half-accomplished projects, which seem so ambitious, are all eclipsed by the resolution of fundamentally reconstructing the education of the human race.

The founders of the Order understood perfectly well the instincts of their time; they appeared amid a movement of innovation that was seizing every soul; the spirit of creation and discovery was every where overflowing, seizing and dragging the world along. In that sort of frenzy in science, poetry, and philosophy, people felt themselves pushed headlong towards an unknown future. How was the human mind to be stopped, suspended, and chilled amid all that enthusiasm? There was but one way of doing so, that which was attempted by the chiefs of the Order of Jesus: to make themselves the representatives of that tendency; to obey it in order the better to stop it; to build, throughout the world, houses for science in order to imprison the soaring of the science; to give the mind an apparent movement which precludes the possibility of every real movement, to consume it in an incessant *gymnastique*, and, under a false semblance of activity, to fondle curiosity, to smother the genius of discovery in its birth, to stifle knowledge under the dust of volumes; in a word, to turn the restless spirit of the sixteenth century in a wheel of Ixion, — such was, from its very origin, that great plan of education pursued with so much prudence and such consummate art. Never was so much reason employed to conspire against reason.

The Society of Jesus has been accused of having persecuted Galileo. It did better than that, by working with incomparable

ability to render the return of any future Galileo impossible, and extirpating from the human mind the mania of invention. It met face to face that eternal problem of the alliance of faith and science, religion and philosophy. If, like the mystics in the middle ages, it has remained satisfied with despising one and exalting the other, no doubt but the age would not have listened to it. We must do it the justice to state that it would at least allow both terms to subsist; but how has it resolved the problem of alliance? By making reason shine nominally, by giving it all the chances of vanity, all the exterior marks of power, on the sole condition of refusing it the use of it.

Hence, in whatever place the Society is established, in the midst of cities as in the midst of the wilds of the Indies or America, it builds up, in face of each other, a church and a college: a house for faith, and a house for science. Is not this the token of a sovereign impartiality? Whatever suggests or satisfies the pride of the human mind, manuscripts, libraries, instruments of physics and astronomy, is collected in the depths of wildernesses. You would fancy it was a temple dedicated to human reason. Without allowing ourselves to be stopped by these outward appearances, let us penetrate to the bottom of the system, and consult the spirit which gives a meaning to the whole establishment. The society has itself drawn up, in rules intended to be secret, the constitution of science, under the title of *Ratio Studiorum*. One of the first injunctions which I meet with is the following:—"Let nobody, even in matters which involve no danger to piety, ever put forward any new question," NEMO NOVAS INTRODUCAT QUÆSTIONES. What! when there is no danger, either for persons, things, or even for ideas, they imprison themselves, in the very beginning, in a circle of problems, never looking beyond, nor deducing a new truth from, one already gained! Is not this sterilising the good mite of the Gospel? No matter. The terms are precise: the threat which accompanies them allows no shuffling:—"As to those who are too liberal-minded, they must be absolutely discarded from teaching. †" But, at least, though it be forbidden to attract the intellect towards new truths, doubtless everybody will be at liberty to debate the questions proposed, especially if they are as old as the world. No! that is not allowed. Let us explain.

I find long ordinances about philosophy, and am curious to know what the philosophy of Jesuitism can be; I apply myself to this particular, which is the summary of the spirit of all the others; and what do I find? A striking confirmation of all that I have hitherto said. Indeed, at that word philosophy, you expect to meet with the

† Hi a docendi munere sine dubio removendi.—*Rat. St.*, p. 172.

serious and vital questions of destiny, or at least that sort of liberty which the middle ages managed to reconcile with the subtleties of school-divinity. Undeceive yourselves; what shines in this programme is what cannot be made to enter there; it is the address to remove all the great subjects, in order to maintain only the small ones. Would you ever divine of whom first it is forbidden to speak in the philosophy of Jesuitism? First, we must occupy our thoughts as little as possible about *God*, and even not speak about him at all: *Quæstiones de Deo prætereantur!* "Let them not be permitted to stop at the idea of *being* more than *three or four days* * (and their course of philosophy lasts three years). As to the idea of substance, they must say absolutely nothing about it (*nihil dicant!*), especially avoid treating of principles†; and, above all, *abstain*, as well here as elsewhere (*multò verò magis abstinendum*), from giving any thought either to the first cause, to liberty, or to the eternity of God. *Let them say nothing, let them do nothing* ‡, are sacramental words which necessarily recur, and form the whole spirit of this philosophical method; *let them pass on, without examining, non examinando.* This is the basis of their theory.

Thus, once more, but in a more striking manner than in any other matter, the semblance in place of reality — a mask instead of a personage. Can you conceive for a moment what this pretended science of the mind could be, thus decapitated and dispossessed of the idea of cause, substance, and even of God; that is to say, of every thing that constitutes its greatness? They, moreover, showed plainly what they reduced it to, by this strange clause of the rule: "If any body is unfit for philosophy, let him be called to the study of cases of conscience;" § though, to speak truly, I know not whether these words contain more contempt for philosophy or for theological morality.

Moreover, see how consistent they are: in the very beginning they distrusted the spirit, the enthusiasm of the soul; whereby they have been led to distrust whatever is the principle and source of all that — I mean the very idea of God. In the dread they have ever had of real greatness, they were necessarily to go so far as to make for themselves an Atheistical science — Atheistical metaphysics, which, without containing a particle of life, had nevertheless all its outward appearance. Hence, (after having abstracted the end and

* Adeò ut tridui vel quatridui circiter spatium non excedant. — *Rat. St.* p. 227.

† Caveat ne ingrediantur disputationem de principiis. — *Ibid.*, p. 227.

‡ Nihil dicant, nihil agant!

§ Inepti ad philosophiam, ad casuum studia destinentur. — *Rat. St.* p. 172.

aim of science,) all that show of discussions, themes, intellectual contests, and wordy combats, which characterise education in the order of Jesus. The more they had divested thought of its seriousness, the more they invited men to that *gymnastique*, that intellectual fencing, which served to cover the emptiness of the discussion. There was nothing but spectacles, solemnities*, trials of skill between academies, and mental conflicts. How can one believe that the mind went for nothing amid so many literary occupations, artificial rivalries, and written controversies? That was the miracle of the teaching of the Society of Jesus: to bind man down to immense labour, which could produce nothing, to amuse him with smoke, in order to remove him from glory, and to make him immovable at the very moment when he was abused by all the appearances of a literary and philosophical movement. Even if the satanic genius of inertia had appeared upon earth, I affirm that it would not have proceeded otherwise.

Apply, for a moment, this method to a particular nation, in which it became predominant, such as Italy or Spain, and note the results! Those nations, still lively from the bold doings of the sixteenth century, would not have failed to reject death under its natural features. But how could they recognise death when it showed itself under the form of discussion, curiosity, and examination? Accordingly, in a few years, the new generations of those towns which had been filled with art, poetry, and policy, such as Florence, Ferrara, Seville, Salamanca, and Venice, fancy they are marching in the living footsteps of their ancestors, because, under the hand of the Jesuits, they move about restlessly, and intrigue unprofitably. If metaphysical science is without God, as a matter of course art is without inspiration; it is no longer anything but an exercise †, a poetic game.‡ They fancy themselves still in the country of poets, and to be continuing the race, if they illustrate Ezechiel by Catullus, and Loyola's *Spiritual Exercises* by Theocritus; if they compose, for their spiritual retreat, in their probationary houses, eclogues imitated word for word from Virgil's, about Thyrsis, Alexis, and Corydon, *seated alone on the seashore;* and these monstrous works, the insipidity of which exhales an odour of a whitened sepulchre §, and audaciously presented as

* Solemniorem disputationem.

† Exercitatio. — *Vide* Imago Primi Seculi, p. 441. 460.

‡ Ludus Poeticus. — *Ibid.*, p. 157. 444. 447. 706..

§ In one of these poems of double meaning, *St. Ignatius, struck by a stone, emits from his inside the flames of divine love:* Percussus concipit ignes. This solemn collection of charades and logogriphs is what they call the *Christian Parnassus*, rising under the auspices of St. Ignatius: *Sti. Ignatii auspicio adsurgens.* — p. 450.

the model of the new art by the Society of Jesus, are precisely those which betray it the most.

They fancied that art being only falsehood, they might do with it whatever they pleased; but art disconcerted all their calculations; from the very outset, it reached, in that direction, an excess of ridicule and bad taste which nobody will ever attain. Christianity begins in poetry with the song of *Te Deum*; Jesuitism begins with the official eclogue of Saint Ignatius and Father Le Fevre, *concealed under the personages* of Daphnis and Lycidas: *S. Ignatius et primis ejus socius Petrus Faber, sub personâ Daphnidis et Lycidæ.* Now, this is not the poem of an individual; it is a species peculiar to the Society, that which itself proposes as an innovation in its collective works; whereupon I cannot help remarking that Jesuitism has been able to show its ability in every other matter, and to assume all the other masks; but as soon as ever it wanted to make use of poetry, that daughter of inspiration and truth turned round against it, and avenged, by the full measure of ridicule, at the same time philosophy, morality, religion, and common sense.

Let us go one step further to finish the subject. From philosophy let us rise for a moment to theology, I mean to the relations of Jesuitism with the Christian world in the sixteenth century. The question predominant in the religious revolution was one of liberty. The Church divides. Between the Reformation and papacy what situation will be taken by Jesuitism? Its whole existence depends, to tell the truth, on this single point; and herein its policy has far surpassed that of Machiavel. Throughout that century the question at bottom was, in every community, to pronounce for or against free-will. Which way do you think these men will decide, — they who in their inmost heart have sworn the servitude of the human mind? They do not hesitate, but decide in their doctrines openly and officially for liberty; they deck, they shroud themselves in this banner; they are, in this *mêlée* of the sixteenth century (it cannot be too often repeated), the men of free-will, the partisans of metaphysical independence. They so well exaggerate at their ease this doctrine, that the religious orders which have preserved the living tradition of Catholicism — the Dominicans — rise up in arms; the Inquisition threatens them; the popes themselves understanding nothing in so much depth are on the very point of condemning; however, either from fear or instinct, they forbear, and let them go on, until the catastrophe explains a manœuvre which neither the papacy, nor the Inquisition, nor the ancient orders, had been able to fathom.

See the momentary advantage gained by Jesuitism at once over the Reformation and over the papacy. By carrying the doctrine of

free will to its highest degree, it flattered the instinct of independence in modern times. What weight had it not against the Protestants, when it could incite them to an inward independence, and invited them to throw off the yoke of predestination and fatality! It was an all-powerful argument against the Protestants of France and Germany; they felt themselves seized back again by the self-same instinct that had caused them to separate. Luther and Calvin had denied free-will; the disciples of Loyola, entering by that breach, retook possession of modern man, precisely by the sentiment which the times had most developed in him. Confess that their masterpiece was to enslave the human mind in the name of liberty. In all this, the religious policy of Jesuitism is absolutely the same as that of the earlier Roman emperors. Even as Augustus and Tiberius made themselves the representatives of all the ancient rights of the republic to stifle them all, so the Jesuits make themselves the representatives of the innate and metaphysical rights of the human mind, in order to reduce it to the most absolute bondage that was ever known. They have, as much as possible, realised the wish of that emperor: O that mankind had but one head! The difference is, that instead of cutting it off, they are satisfied with reducing it to servitude.

For indeed, what are they going to do with that soul which they have just restored to its native independence? To restore it to the Church? Doubtless. But to which? To the democratic Church of the earlier ages? To the Church founded upon the solemn representation of the councils? To the Church of which all the fifteenth century demanded the reform? After all is said and done, everything depends on knowing what form Jesuitism will make predominant in the constitution of Catholicism. In the sixteenth century, there were three tendencies in Europe, and three manners of terminating the debate: to make the councils predominant (which was developing the democratic element), or the papacy (which urged towards autocracy), or, lastly, to temper them mutually, as in the past. In the midst of such questions, what was the conduct and the theology of these great favourers of the *innate right of human liberty*?*

Their doctrine in the Sessions of the Council of Trent and everywhere else was radically to extirpate every element of liberty in the Church, to degrade and vilify the councils — those great representative assemblies of Christendom, — to undermine the right of the bishops, — those ancient *elect* of the people, — to allow nothing to subsist theologically but the pope, that is to say, as an illustrious French prelate expresses himself in the sixteenth century, "to found not a monarchy, but altogether a temporal and spiritual tyranny." Now, do you understand the long roundabout proceeding which had

* Jure innatæ libertatis humanæ. — Molina, *Comment.*, p. 761.

astonished the Inquisition itself? They seize modern man in the name of liberty; they then plunge him immediately, in the name of divine right, into irremediable bondage; for, says their orator, their general, Laynez, "*The Church was born in bondage, destitute of every liberty and jurisdiction.*" The pope alone is something, the rest is only a shadow.

Thereby, you see, is struck out with a dash of the pen, that tradition of divine life which circulated in the whole body, that transmission of the right of society from the Apostles to the whole of Christian society. Instead of that Gallican Church bound to the others by one same community of sanctity, power, and liberty; instead of that vast foundation which connected the people with God, in a sublime organisation; instead of so many provincial, national, and general assemblies, which communicated their life to the chief, and reciprocally derived from him a part of their own life, what does there remain in theory in the Catholicism of the Society of Jesus? An old man is raised trembling upon the *pavois* of the Vatican; everything becomes absorbed and confined in him. If he faints, everything falls to pieces; if he totters, everything goes wrong; and after that, what becomes of that Church of France, so magnificently celebrated by Bossuet? A breath is sufficient to disperse it.

That is to say, in spite of themselves, they communicate death to what they wish to make eternal; for, at all events, they will persuade nobody that there is more appearance of life when vitality is confined to one member, than when it is diffused throughout the Christian universe. For fifteen centuries, Christendom had submitted to the spiritual yoke of the Church, the image of the society of the Apostles. But that yoke was not sufficient for them; they wanted to make the whole world bend under the hand of one master. Here my own words are too weak; I shall borrow those of others. They wanted (this is the accusation flung in their faces by the Bishop of Paris, in the full Council of Trent) *faire de l'épouse de Jésus-Christ une prostituée aux volontés d'un homme.* And that is why the Christian world will not forgive them. People might, in time, have forgotten a declared warfare, or even maxims of false piety, — stratagems of detail. But, suddenly to allure the human mind into an ambush, to invite and caress it in the name of inward independence, — of free-will, and then to hurl it, without delay, into eternal bondage, is an enterprise which excites the indignation of the most simple. And as it does not aim at any particular people, but envelops all humanity, the reprobation is not in one people only, but in all; for, it certainly requires a universal crime to account for a universal chastisement.

They attempted to surprise the conscience of the world, and the

world has answered them. When in 1606, they were driven out of that essentially Catholic city of Venice, that people, the most gentle in the world, accompanied them in crowds to the sea-shore, and the farewell cry which resounded after them upon the waves was, "Go! and woe be to you!" *Ande in malora!* That cry was echoed throughout the two following centuries: in Bohemia in 1618, at Naples and in the Low Countries in 1622, in India in 1623, in Russia in 1676, in Portugal in 1759, in France in 1764, in Spain in 1767, at Rome and throughout all Christendom in 1773. In our time, if men, thank God, being more patient, no longer say anything, yet it would be well neither to arouse nor tempt that universal echo, when from one end of Europe to the other, every thing should again shout, as on the strand of Venice, "Go! and woe be to you! *Ande in malora!*"

Such are the observations I had to make upon the fundamental maxims of the Order of Jesus. I have confined myself to the principles, and have shown how the Order has been rigorously faithful in succeeding times; how there were two men in the person of the founder, — a hermit and a politician, — the duality of piety and Machiavelism which, in the beginning, was reproduced in every thing, in theology by Laynez and Bellarmin, in the system of education by the pious François Borgia and the cunning Aquaviva, in the missions by Saint Francis Xavier and the apostles of China, and, lastly, to comprehend all in one word, by a mixture of the devotion of Spain with the policy of Italy.

We have combated Jesuitism in the spiritual order. That is not sufficient; we must all of us watch that it do not penetrate into the temporal order.

It is certainly a great evil for it to have entered the Church; but every thing would be lost if it insinuated itself into our manners and into the State; for you well know that politics, philosophy, art, science, and literature have, as well as religion, a Jesuitism that is proper to them. It consists every where in giving to appearances the signs of reality. What would become of a nation in general, if, in politics, it possessed all the appearances of movement and liberty: ingenious machinery, assemblies, discussions, a medley of doctrines, words, changes of names, and if, peradventure, amid all this outward noise, it turned perpetually in the same circle? Would there not be reason to fear lest so much outward semblance of life might accustom it gradually to dispense with the reality of things?

What would become of a philosophy that would, at every price, exalt its own orthodoxy? Would there not be reason to fear lest, without attaining the rigour of theology, it might lose the inward god? What would become of art, if, to replace the ingenious move-

ment of the heart, it would create an illusion by the bustle and noise of words? What would all this be, but the spirit of Jesuitism introduced into the temporal order?

I do not say that these things are accomplished; I say they threaten the world. And what is the way to obviate them? It is in you, you who possess life without calculation; preserve it in its primitive source, since it has been given you, not for yourselves, but to regenerate and renew the world. I know that all ideas in these days are treated with suspicion; yet, do not freeze your life beforehand with too many suspicions; neither believe that, in our own country, there no longer exist any upright men decided to carry out in their conduct the full extent of their thoughts. Shall I tell you the surest way to foil Jesuitism in every shape? It is not my discoursing from this chair; any body can do so, and many better than myself; it is not your listening to me with benevolent attention. No, words are no longer sufficient, amid the stratagems of the world which envelope you. Life is also necessary; we must, before we separate, swear all together, publicly and in one bond of fellowship, to found our lives upon the maxims the most opposed to those which I have described, — that is to say, to persevere to the end, in all things, in sincerity, truth, and liberty. In other terms, it is to promise to remain faithful to the genius of France, which is altogether movement, enthusiasm, strength, and loyalty, since it is by these tokens that foreigners know you to be Frenchmen. If, for my part, I ever break this oath, may every one of you taunt me with it wherever he may meet me!

But, they cry, you who speak of sincerity, you think in secret that Christianity is at an end, and yet you say nothing about it. Tell us at least, amid the crowds of different creeds in our times, by what sect you pretend to replace it.

I have not exaggerated my orthodoxy, neither will I exaggerate the sectarian spirit which they would like to attribute to me. Since we are asked, we will speak very plainly. We are of the communion of Descartes, Turenne, Latour d'Auvergne, and Napoleon; we are not of the religion of Louis XI., Catherine de Medicis, Father Le Tellier, M. de Maistre, nor even of that of M. de Talleyrand.

Moreover, I am so far from believing that Christianity is at an end, that, on the contrary, I am persuaded that the application of its spirit is only just beginning in the civil and political world. In a purely human point of view, a revelation stops only when it has infused its entire soul into the living institutions of nations. According to this principle, Mosaism gives way to the new word, when, after having penetrated every where into the society of the Hebrews, it had moulded it to its own image. The same thing is true of Poly-

theism: its last hour is come as soon as it finishes investing with its spirit the Greek and Roman antiquity.

This being established, cast your eyes, not upon the Pharisees of Christianity, but upon the spirit of the Gospel. Who will pretend that that word is entirely incarnate in the world, that it is no longer capable of any transformation, any new realization, that that fountain has dried up after having quenched the thirst of too many nations and states? I look at the world, and find it still half possessed by the pagan law. Where is brotherhood, and the promised bond of fellowship? In written laws, perhaps; but where will you find them in life, in the heart?

Christian humanity has been modelled, I will grant it, upon the life of Jesus Christ. I shall find, I also grant, modern humanity throughout eighteen centuries, weeping and groaning in the bare manger of the middle ages. I shall also find, amid so many broils of the human intellect, the disputes of the Scribes and Pharisees, and beneath so many poignant and national sufferings, the imitation of the cup — the hyssop at the lips of scourged nations. But, is this the whole Gospel? Where is the society of brethren assembled in the self-same spirit? Where is the union, concord, peace, goodwill among men, the dawn of the transfiguration after the night of the sepulchre, and Christ triumphant upon the throne of the tribes? Is not this also a part of the New Testament? Must we premeditatedly renounce that unity and triumph as a false promise? Must we gather from the Gospel only the sword and the gall? Who would dare to say so, though many think so?

To prepare souls for this unity, this promised bond of fellowship is the true spirit of the education of modern man. The Society of Jesus, in its system applied to the human race, was not entirely able to disavow this aim, and for this particular I praise it highly. The misfortune is, that to lead the world to social unity, it began, as ever, with destroying life, by abolishing in the souls of men the sentiment of family, country, and humanity. You hardly ever find these three words pronounced, in its constitutions and rules, even for the laity. The whole matter in question is the Order and the Papacy. However, I confess that this abstract education, dissolving each social tie, gave a certain negative independence, which pretty well accounts for the kind of attraction that was found in it. People thus escaped the then severe power of the paternal roof, as the state and the world; for every thing went on well as soon as the Institution was satisfied. The produce of this education was, properly speaking, neither a child, a citizen, nor a man, but a Jesuit in a short robe.

For my part, I conceive education as real only if, far from destroying these three centres of life — family, country, and humanity,

they are all made to concur to something, according to their natural measure. If the child rises, by these degrees, into the plenitude of life; if the family communicate to him, from the first and slowly, its reminiscences, its tradition profoundly rooted in the heart of the mother; if he extends this early affection to the country, to France, which becomes in his mind a more serious mother; if the state, taking him in its arms, makes a citizen of him, capable, at a sign, of running to his flag; if, developing still further this living love, he at length folds all humanity and by-gone ages in one religious embrace; if, at each of these degrees, he feels the hand of God taking him and inspiring his young soul, — there is a road towards unity, which is not an abstraction, but in which every step is marked by reality and a throbbing of the heart. It is not a formula; it is life itself.

The greatest pleasure we could give our adversaries would be, in opposing Christian Phariseeism, to cast ourselves into absolute scepticism. No! neither Jesuitism nor Voltairianism! Let us seek elsewhere the star of France.

I began this course of lectures last winter* by warning my hearers against the slumbering of the spirit, in the midst of material enjoyments. I must terminate by a similar warning. It is according to you that the future of France may be measured. Be sure that she will one day be what you are at the bottom of your hearts at this moment. You who are about to separate, to rush into different public or private careers, who to-morrow will be orators, writers, magistrates, and what not, you to whom I am speaking perhaps for the last time, if I have ever happened to awaken in you an instinct, a thought of the future, do not hereafter consider it as a dream, an illusion of youth, which it is better to deny as soon as it might be put in practice; that is, as soon as interest interferes with it. Do not, in your turn, deny your own hopes. Do not belie your best hopes; those which spring up in you, under the eye of God, when, remote from worldly desires, unknown and poor, perhaps, you find yourselves alone in presence of heaven and earth. Build around you beforehand a rampart which corruption cannot surmount; for corruption awaits you on your exit from this building. Especially watch! If the souls of men sleep in indifference ever so little, messengers from the dead, as you have seen, arrive from all sides, and invade us by subterraneous means. Assuredly, to earn repose, it is not enough to have worked for three days, even under a glorious sun in July. You must still combat, not in the open streets, but in your inmost souls, wherever your destiny calls you. You must combat with your heart — with your minds — in order to exalt and develope your victory.

* See the Appendix.

What more shall I add? One thing, which I consider very important: in these various and numerous schools, you are at the same time the favourites of science as of fortune. Every thing is open to you, and every thing is smiling around you. Among so many objects presented to human curiosity, you are able to choose that to which you are impelled by your inward vocation. You have, if you will, all the joys, as well as all the advantages, of the intellect. But, whilst you are thus enjoying yourself entirely, generously sowing every day in your mind a seed which will expand and produce, how many minds are there, young also, and thirsting also for knowledge, which are forced by misery to pine away in secret, and often to expire, in the abstinence of the intellect, as well as in the abstinence of the body! One word perhaps would have sufficed to reveal their vocation to them; but that word they will never hear! How many would desire to come and share with you the bread of science, but cannot! Ardent, like you, in the pursuit of good, they have enough to do to earn their daily bread; and they are not the few, but the many.

If this be true, I say that, into whatever career fortune may cast you, you are the brothers of those men, that you ought to turn to their profit, to the improvement of their condition and dignity, whatever knowledge you have acquired under a happier star; I say that you belong to the crowd of those unknown brethren, and that you contract here an obligation of honour towards them, which is to represent every where, to defend every where, their rights, their moral existence, and to prepare for them, as much as possible, the road to science and the future, which has opened before you, without your having been obliged ever to knock at the gate.

Share, then, and multiply the food of the soul; it is an obligation for science as well as for religion; for it is certain that there is a religious science, and another which is not. The former distributes, like the Gospel, and diffuses afar whatever it possesses; the latter does the reverse of the Gospel. It is afraid of lavishing, of dispersing its privileges, and of communicating right, life, and power to too great a number; it exalts the proud, it abases the humble; it enriches the rich, and impoverishes the poor. This is the impious science, and one which we will not accept.

One word more, and I have done. This contest, which perhaps is only beginning, has been useful to all; and I thank Heaven for having given me the opportunity of taking my part in it: it may also serve as a lesson to those who are able to profit by it. It had been supposed that the souls of men were divided and lukewarm, and that the time had come when the most daring enterprise might be at-

tempted. It only required a manifest danger. The spark fell; then all united together like one man. What has taken place here, in this question, would happen to-morrow, if necessary, in every part of France, for any question fraught with manifest danger. Let them therefore beware how they molest what they term our ashes; there is beneath those ashes a sacred fire, which is still burning.

APPENDIX.

I.

THE following extract was published last year. I stated the question in the very terms in which it is now established by the *Critique*. As a matter of course, insult was the only answer.

A WORD ON THE RELIGIOUS CONTROVERSY.

April 15, 1842.

THEY who are now speculating so noisily upon worthy religious feelings had, for several years past, taken a very different tone; polemics had given way to poetry, and ancient controversies had changed into elegies. In that amorous theology, we had every where nothing but cathedrals, perfumed ogives, little half-profane and half-sacred verses, which glided secretly into the hearts of the most rebellious — a mystic art, which, to be more tolerant, sanctified the senses; besides legions of angels, fallen and restored, who were always at hand to cover with their indulgent wings either sin or heresy. The Devil himself, ever whining, rhymed melancholy verses, since he had put on the skin of the lamb. In such a change, there was not a Voltairian who did not feel himself captivated and called: it was not a truce, but a profound peace. With so much gentleness, so much love, and such compassionate piety, where is the soul that would not have been affected? The times of the prophets had come. The wolf was lying down with the sheep, that is to say, philosophy with orthodoxy; unbelievers sang with their lyres the spiritual canticles of the faithful, and the latter purified with their rhymes the doubts of unbelievers. What a delightful time, but how soon it passed away! It was amid that terrestrial paradise that those honied voices became suddenly bitter with gall!

How was it that in an instant, odes, dithyrambics, indulgent elegies, and a plaintive art, suddenly gave way to delation in prose? At that time, we saw mandates change into pamphlets; bishops turned jour-

nalists; fallen angels wrote *brochures;* they sounded the infernal trumpet in a cloudy *feuilleton,* and, to increase the disaster, they quoted falsely, so that the heavens of Catholic art were suddenly overcast, and the university of France, the innocent end and aim of this storm has been frightened and shaken to her very foundation.

To speak seriously, let it not be said that Catholicism has thus returned to its natural disposition, that its nature is to be intolerant, or that its genius is to be a challenger, a common informer, and that it must remain faithful to it or cease to exist. In the part of Europe where the right of examination in religious matters has taken deep root in the manners and institutions, Catholicism has managed very well to bend or adapt itself to the conditions which time and circumstances have created. There, it shares its church with heretics; it celebrates mass in the very temple where Protestantism assembles its faithful, and the same pulpit resounds alternately with the word of Luther and the doctrines of Rome; nay, I have often seen the Catholic priest and the Protestant minister united in the same religious ceremony; thus giving the most striking example of mutual toleration. There, Catholicism affects not to gnash its teeth on every occasion; it makes no abuse of its thunders; it knows that the time of discussion is now come, and that menaces, violence, and anathemas will not recover any of the things it has lost. It accepts this novel position; it declaims not, but studies; it does not anathematize its adversaries, but takes the trouble to refute them; it does not raise the standard of insult and calumny, but follows its antagonists step by step in all the doublings and windings of science. It replies to a sceptical erudition, without violence, by one of orthodoxy; and in the most difficult position in which a clergyman can be placed, it considers that the first thing to be done to gain back the minds of men, is to consent right heartily to a discussion.

Why should not the same conditions which Protestantism has imposed on Catholicism in the north of Europe, be also imposed on it in France by philosophy and the spirit of examination? We must not allow it for a moment to forget that it has ceased to be a religion of state, and that after having been rejected by revolutionary France it has to conquer her again, if it can, by the force of doctrines and by the authority of the mind, and thus it must bury in profound oblivion its habit of commanding and reigning without control. Unfortunately, when it admits discussion, it seems not to know where the question lies; to hear its declamations on Locke and eclecticism, one would say it does not even know in what quarter the danger is impending, or on what point the struggle must be in future. The question, however, is laid down by modern theology with a precision which it is impossible to escape. The question at issue is not the

vague theorems of Scotch philosophy; oh! how much more perilous is the present matter, and how little would they be benefited were we to grant them all they demand with an ingenuity that is truly alarming!

Since they look another way, we must bring them back to the vital point of the whole question. For fifty years behold all Germany occupied with a serious examination of the authenticity of the holy books of Christianity. Those men, of different opinions, of profound and incontestable science, have studied the letter and spirit of the Scriptures with unwearied patience. The result of that examination has been a methodical doubt on every page in the Bible. Is it true that the Pentateuch is the work, not of Moses, but of the tradition of the Levites? that the Book of Job, the end of Isaiah, and to sum up all, the greater part of the Old and of the New Testament are apocryphal? Is it true? That is the whole question, which is now flagrant, but the one you never speak of. If, in the age of Louis XIV., such problems had been put forward, not singly or obscurely, but with all the importance they derive from coming from the universities of the North, I imagine that the French prelates would not have idled their time in combating a few vague systems, but that they would have applied themselves with all their strength to the point which endangers the very foundations of belief. For, in this combat, of which we are the spectators, we certainly see the adversaries of orthodoxy marching forward without ever stopping, taking advantage of every ruin to effect another; but we do not see those who oppose them. Or, rather, the defenders of the faith, abandoning the post of danger, feign to triumph cunningly over some lifeless phantoms at the time they are deserting the sanctuary, where the enemy are making an irruption. But we will never cease to bring them back to the fiery circle which science has traced around them. There, there is the danger, and not in the timid doubts in which the University of France occasionally indulges. Since the science and scepticism of a De Wette, a Gesenius, an Ewald, or a Bohlen, have caused all this destruction in canonical tradition, what have you done to repair what they have overthrown? And since the Catholics, the believers in the North, have been strugging with this scepticism, which threatens to destroy the tree by the root, what assistance have you given them? You have not even listened to their cries of distress! Where are the warnings and learned apologies of our Bossuets and Fenelons, against the Jurieus and Spinozas of our days? Where is the refutation of the investigations and conclusions of a Gesenius on Isaiah, of an Ewald on the Psalms, of a Bohlen on Genesis, of a De Wette on the whole body of the Scriptures? These are, on one hand, truly hostile works, since they allow nothing of

Catholic authority to subsist; and on the other, learned authors, who seem to speak without any other intention than the sincere desire of truth. It is not sufficient to curse them; you must contradict them with a patience equal to that from which they have never strayed.

Assuredly, it is far easier to apply one's self, as you do, to a vain abstraction, pursuing and overthrowing the creations of your own imagining; but nobody will be satisfied with this evasion, for the enemy use no disguise; they do not retreat; on the contrary, they have been provoking you for a long time. They are up, and speaking officially in the chairs and universities of the North; and, what can we, simple laymen, do but press you to reply at length to all those learned men, who do not attack you in masks, who do not harass you or provoke you flying, but who insist publicly on ruining you face to face in the open day?

Reply then, without delay, for you must; reply without shuffling, but also without calumniating anybody; and employing only the noble arms of science and the intelligence, return as soon as possible to the post of danger. Leave the phantoms over which it is easy to triumph. Between your adversaries, who are quietly snatching from your hands a page of the Scriptures every day, and you who remain silent or speak of other matters, what can you require of us, but that we should consent to suspend our judgment as long as you defer your answer? Far from thinking of attacking, think rather of defending yourselves, since once more the philosophy, philology, and theology of the North, are boasting, in face of heaven, of having undermined the foundations of your authority by destroying, before your eyes, the authority of Scripture, without your appearing even to miss it! Are you decided to allow them to efface, before your eyes, and without your speaking, to the end of the last page of the books of revelation? Certainly, it would be the most extraordinary spectacle that was ever heard of, to see you triumphing when you ought to be groaning! You speak of Voltaire, Locke, and Reid; but they are dead: it is the living who are besieging you! And they are the men about whom you are not uneasy! And this is the moment you choose to boast of victory! And you speak and act as if nothing had happened! Confess that this is an alarming triumph, and that, if you have any enemies, they must desire that it should continue.

Whence came this illusion? From a position of things false for every body. The fraudulent concessions that have been mutually made by belief and science, have only served to adulterate both. Orthodoxy, which for some time has wanted to identify itself with philosophy, has assumed its forms and outward dress. Philosophy, on her side, boasted of being orthodox; disguising her doctrines,

she has often affected the language of the Church; and after having overthrown it in the last century, she has pretended, in the present one, to repair with changing it. In this confusion of parts, how many ideas, how many minds have been corrupted! And, as a result, what sterility! Enchained by this hollow truce, tradition, being transformed and altered so as not to be recognisable, had lost its own genius. Our very language felt the effects of that chaos. They no longer spoke of the *Church*, but of the Catholic *College*. On the other hand, what became of Philosophy under her ever-changing mask? Obliged to pervert the meaning of each of her thoughts, ever contriving a double issue, one towards the world, the other towards the Church, and speaking an ambiguous language, she was returning with hasty strides towards school-divinity, whose services and genius she had taken care to magnify beforehand. They were marching in France, noiselessly and without giving offence, to the ruin of religion by philosophy, and of philosophy by religion, or rather to a state of nothingness, since real nothingness is to live in falsehood; it is for the believer to disguise his belief under the appearance of the system; and for the philosopher to disguise his philosophy under the insignia of those who combat it.

The violent, unjust, and sometimes calumnious attacks which resound about us in every key, may therefore have the great advantage of restoring each person to his natural position. We must even, to a certain degree, congratulate the Church for having been the first to be tired of the hollow truce which had been so dearly purchased on both sides; and we will not think of complaining, if all this outbreak serve to bring back to the field of truth the religious and the philosophical sects, which seemed with one accord to wish equally to decline the question.

Everything would, indeed, be lost, if the same indifference which is gradually gliding into civil life, if the same compromises, transactions, and disguises in which political life is wasting away, penetrated even into the upper regions of the intelligence, into the domain of creeds and ideas; if there also truth and falsehood were of the same colours, if people passed indifferently from one to the other, from left to right, and from right to left; if, by the means of a certain parliamentary idiom, they could fondle truth and falsehood, good and evil, heaven and hell together, reducing at once faith and science to a pure fiction, to be admitted to-day and thrown aside to-morrow, thus reversing the saying of Pascal, *Falsehood on either side the Pyrenees, but truth nowhere!* Rather than witness such a catastrophe, we prefer seeing the anger and anathema of the lukewarm aroused against us and our friends.

Have they, however, well weighed the consequences when they

speak of a strictly Catholic education? To deserve this name, it would be one that would deduce from ecclesiastical tradition alone the basis of every kind of knowledge, and pervert, by fair means or by foul, the meaning of every fact, in order to make it agree with a system which they had previously conceived and adopted, with their eyes shut, without either examination, discussion, or observation. After which, a single moment of liberty or impartiality for human reason would cause the total and irreparable overthrow of all that edifice of orthodoxy; and nothing would remain but a monstrous opinion which, affecting at the same time the authority of the Church and of science, compromises the former by making a parody of the latter. Let any body but imagine geology, physics, or chemistry, founded on the *golden legend!*

At bottom, the old dispute between the clergy and the university is no other than that which divides the human mind. The clergy, in this contest, represents faith; the university, science; and it is necessary that each of these paths should be pursued without impediment, to the end. It is even by freely developing themselves, each in its own province, that these two powers will be able one day to meet and unite; whereas by pretending to subject one to the other by the single authority of the stronger, or of the greater number, they do nothing in reality but destroy one or the other. What would science be to-day, if, in physics, it had not dared to contradict, by the astronomy of Galileo, the astronomy of Joshua, and in philosophy, to suspend the authority of the Church by the methodical doubt of Descartes?

This liberty, which at first was the principle of science, has become the principle of civil and political society, in such a manner that the State can no longer even profess officially in its chairs either intolerance or the dogma, *"out of the church no salvation;"* for this would be professing the contrary of its political dogma, according to which Catholics, Lutherans, Calvinists, are equally called and elected without distinction of creed. Whence it follows that the teaching that would belie the law would be one that, in the name of any one Church, would condemn, anathematize, and morally proscribe all the others; schismatic doctrine would be, in these days, that which, instead of seeking in each of the established and recognised creeds the part of grandeur and truth contained in them, would pretend to sacrifice them all to one. Such a system of instruction would truly be setting itself in contradiction, not only to the spirit of this age, but to the fundamental law of France. Supposing therefore we abandoned the field to them for a moment without discussion, it is plain that the struggle would no longer be between parties, but between the constituted law of this country, on one side, and

sectarians on the other. In spite of the clemency of public opinion, we would recommend them not to recommence, by provoking it, a game which has already cost them so dear. It will not always be the fight of the fly and the lion.

II.

These are the words to which I alluded in page 9. At the time they were pronounced, it was easy to see what was in preparation.

ON THE SLUMBERING OF THE MIND.

Dec. 21, 1842.

Though I am assured that in human affairs the lecture of one day ought never to serve for the morrow, I will say to you, as the result of the lesson which we derive from this spectacle of the South of Europe: Preserve, keep, and protect yourselves from the slumbering of the mind; it is deceitful; it penetrates every way, and is a hundred times more difficult to dispel than the slumber of the body. Do not believe (for this is one of the ideas by which it begins to insinuate itself)—do not believe with the present age that gold can do everything, does everything, and is everything. Who ever possessed more gold than Spain, and yet who to-day is more empty-handed? Do not deny, in the name of tradition, the liberty of discussion and the sacred independence of the human mind. Who ever denied them more than Spain; and yet who is there, in the Christian family, more harshly chastised than Spain at the present day? You who are now entering life, say not that you are already weary without having run, that you breathe, in this epoch, an air which prevents grand ideas from rising, courageous sacrifices from being performed, disinterested vocations from being declared, and bold enterprises from being accomplished; that an evil blast has fanned your brow and peradventure frozen in your heart the germ of the future; that you cannot resist alone the influence of a materialist society; and that, lastly, it is not your fault if, though young, you already suffer from the *disillusion* and experience of riper years? Say not so, for this is the most insidious counsel of the slumbering

of the mind. By what strange miracle should you feel yourselves fatigued with the work of others? Whilst your fathers were overrunning, without intermission, all the battle-fields from one end of Europe to the other, where were you? What were you doing? You were sleeping quietly in your cradle. Then awake now for the combat of the understanding, to sleep no more till you slumber in death! The world is new for new men; and a happiness which many people envy you, is, that you belong to a country which, according to the use which the youngest generations will make of their instincts, may still choose between the commencement of decline and the continuation of days of glory.

THE END.

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